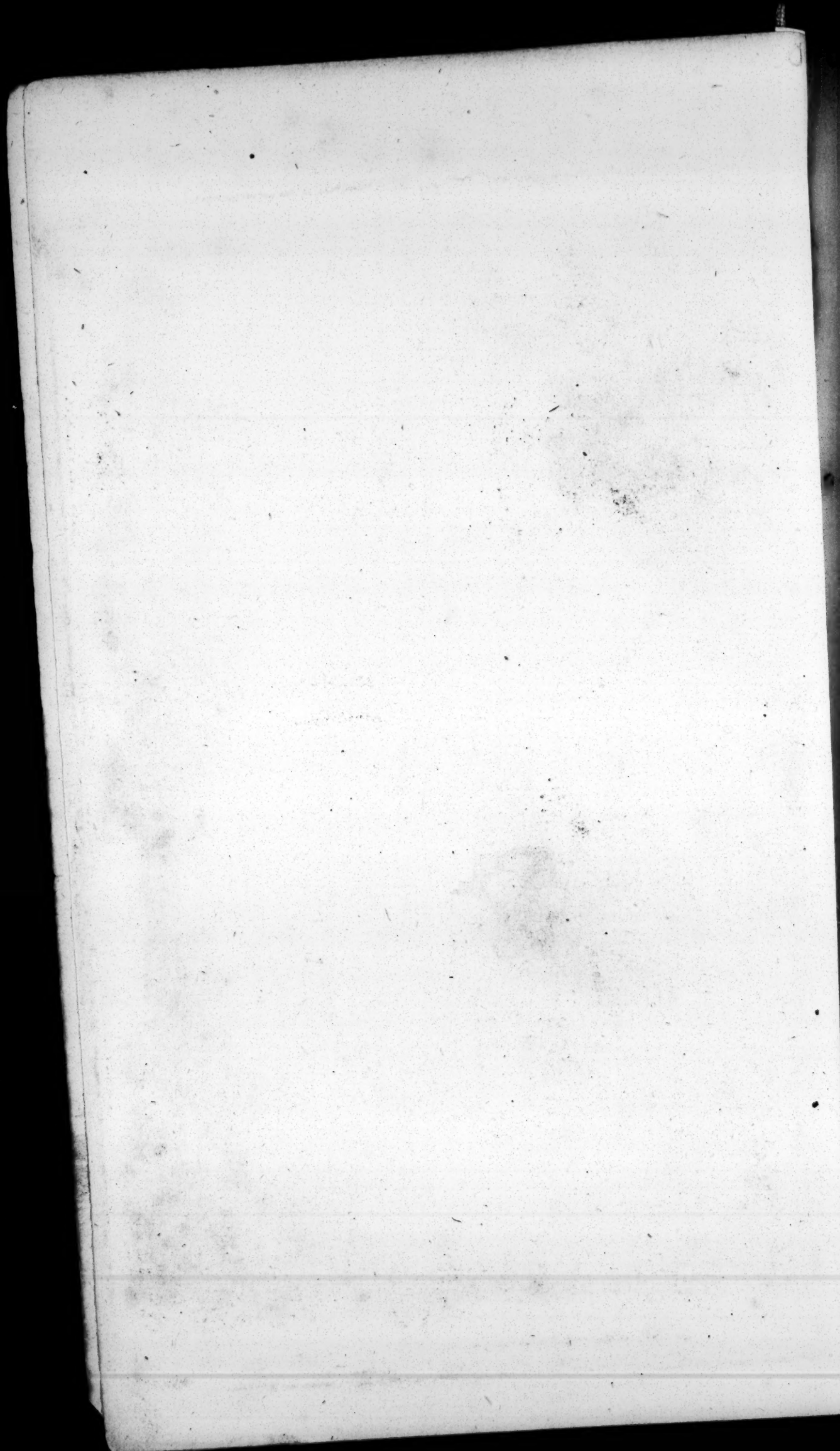




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THE
P L A Y S
OF
William Shakspeare,
COMPLETE,
IN EIGHT VOLUMES,

VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING

TIMON OF ATHENS,
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA,
TITUS ANDRONICUS,
JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE ENGRAVINGS TO THIS VOLUME ARE,
TWO SCENES TO EACH PLAY, AND TWO ALLEGORIES.

ALLEGORIES.

1. BRITANNIA CROWNING SHAKSPEARE.
 2. SHAKSPEARE HONOURED BY THE MUSES.
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L O N D O N:

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TIMON *of* ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,

LUCULLUS, } *Lords.*

SEMPRONIUS, }

APEMANTUS, *a Philosopher.*

ALCIBIADES.

FLAVIUS, *Steward to Timon.*

FLAMINIUS,

LUCILIUS, } *Timon's Servants.*

SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS,

VARRO,

PHILO,

TITUS,

LUCIUS,

HORTENSIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's Friends.*

CUPID, *and Maskers.*

Strangers.

W O M E N.

PHRYNIA,

TIMANDRA, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

*Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant;
with Servants, and Attendants.*

SCENE, *Athens, and the Woods not far from it.*

TIMON of ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. A Hall in TIMON's House. Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant, at several Doors.*

Poet.

GOOD day, fir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long ; How goes the world ?

Pain. It wears, fir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known :

But what particular rarity ? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches ? See,
Magic of bounty ! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both ; the other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord !

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man ; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodnes :
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't : for the lord Timon, fir ?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate : But, for that—

Poet. *When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.*

Mer. 'Tis a good form. *[Looking on the Jewel.]*

Jew. And rich : here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, fir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished : The fire i' the flint
Shews not, 'till it be struck ; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there ?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth ?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis : this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable : How this grace
Speaks his own standing ? what a mental power
This eye shoots forth ? how big imagination
Moves in this lip ? to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch ; Is't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature : artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd !

Poet. The senators of Athens ;—Happy men !

Pain. Look, more ?

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of
visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment : My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax : no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see, how all conditions, how all minds
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as

Of grave and austere quality) tender down
 Their services to lord Timon : his large fortune,
 Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
 Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
 All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the grafs-fac'd flatterer
 To Apemantus, that few things loves better
 Than to abhor himself ; even he drops down
 The knee before him, and returns in peace
 Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
 Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd : The base o' the mount
 Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
 That labour on the bosom of this sphere
 To propagate their states : amongst them all,
 Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
 One do I personate of Timon's frame,
 Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ;
 Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
 Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
 This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
 With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
 In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on :
 All those which were his fellows but of late
 (Some better than his value,) on the moment
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
 Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
 Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these ?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
 Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common :
 A thousand moral paintings I can shew,

That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnant than words. Yet you do well,
To shew lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every Suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [*To a Messenger.*

Mes. Ay, my good lord : five talents is his debt ;
His means most short, his creditors most strait :
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up ; which failing him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius ! Well ;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him : I will send his ransom ;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me :—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Mes. All happiness to your honour ! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius :

Tim. I have so : What of him ?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee,

Tim. Attends he here, or no ?—Lucilius !

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy
creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity is in youth.

Tim. [To LUCIL.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you! [Ex. LUCIL. and Old Ath.]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting ; which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man ;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside : These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work ;
And you shall find, I like it : wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you !

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman : give me your hand ;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord ? dispraise ?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't, as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give : But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters : believe it, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord ; he speaks the common
tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid ?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus !

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow ;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves, thou know'st
them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians ?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do ; I call'd thee by thy name.
Tim,

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for!

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law,

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter;
And yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Poet. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she,
if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. And thou should'st, thou'd'st anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies,

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, which will not cost
a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where
thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for
thy labour: he, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' the
flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with
my heart.

Tim.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—
Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.
You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
'Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece,—I am joyful of your fights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alc. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apementus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay; to see meet fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem.

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding : make thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, at the heels of the as.

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in, And taste lord Timon's bounty ? he out-goes The very heart of kinduefs.

2 Lord. He pours it out ; Plutus, the god of gold, Is but his steward : no mced, but he repays Sevenfold above itself ; no gift to him, But breeds the giver a return exceeding All use of quittance.

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries, That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes ! Shall we in ?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Another Apartment in TIMON'S House. Hautboys playing loud Musick. A great Banquet serv'd in ; and then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich :

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled with thanks, and service, from whose help

I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius : you mistake my love ;
I gave it freely ever ; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives :

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them ; Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me.

[*They sit.*

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it ? hang'd it, have you not ?

Tim. O, Apemantus !—you are welcome.

Apem. No ; you shall not make me welcome :
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl ; you have got a humour
there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame :—

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,

But yonder man is ever angry.—

Go, let him have a table by himself ;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon ;
I come to observe ; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee ; thou art an Athenian,
Therefore welcome : I myself would have no power :
I pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat ; 'twould choak me, for I should
Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods ! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not !
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood ; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men :
Methinks, they should invite them without knives ;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't ; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,

Is the readiest man to kill him : it has been prov'd.
 If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals ;
 Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes :
 Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart ; and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way !

A brave fellow !—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
 Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
 Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
 Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire :
 This, and my food, are equals ; there's no odds.
 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;
 I pray for no man but myself :
 Grant I may never prove so fond,
 To trust man on his oath, or bond ;
 Or a harlot, for her weeping ;
 Or a dog, that seems a sleeping ;
 Or a keeper with my freedom ;
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
 Amen. So fall to't :
 Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

[Eats and drinks.]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than
 a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no
 meat like 'em ; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies
 then ; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord,
 that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might
 express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves
 for ever perfect.

Tim.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you : How had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your behalf ; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them ? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them : and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits : and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends ? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes ! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born ! Mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks : to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho ! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much.

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump ?—How now ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies ? What are their wills ?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon ;—and to all
That of his bounties taste !—The five best senses

Acknow-

Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
 To gratulate thy plenteous bosom :
 The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise ;
 They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:—

Musick, make their welcome. [*Exit Cupid.*

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Musick. *Re-enter Cupid, with a Masque of Ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and playing.*

Apem. Heyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
 They dance! they are mad women.
 Like madness is the glory of this life,
 As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root.
 We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
 Upon whose age we void it up again,
 With poisonous spite and envy. Who lives, that's not
 Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
 Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
 I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
 Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon;
 and, to shew their Loves, each singles out an-Amazon,
 and all dance, Men with Women; a lofty Strain or two
 to the Hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
 You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
 And entertain'd me with mine own device;
 I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold

Taking, I doubt me.

Tim.

Tim. Ladies; there is an idle banquet attends you.
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Tim. Flavius.—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour;

[*Aside.*]

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the Casket.*]

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word

To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must

Entreat you, honour me so much, as to

Advance this jewel; accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,

Vouchsafe me a word; it doth concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:

I pr'ythee, let us be provided

To shew them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.—How now? what news?

Enter

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and hath sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, And all out of an empty coffer.—

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this, To shew him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good: His promises fly so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes For every word; he is so kind, that he now Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books, Well, 'would I were gently put out of office, Before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed, Than such that do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong, you bate too much

Of your own merits:—Here, my lord; a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave Good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: It is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine own; I tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations

B

So

So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give ;
 Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
 And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
 Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
 It comes in charity to thee : for all thy living
 Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the lands thou hast
 Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. In defiled land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,——

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinite endear'd,—

Tim. All to you.—Lights ! more lights !

1 Lord. The best of happiness,
 Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon !—

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]

Apem. What a coil's here !

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums !
 I doubt, whether their legs be worth the sums
 That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs :
 Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
 Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not fullen,
 I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing : for,
 If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
 To rail upon thee ; and then thou would'st sin the faster.
 Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
 Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly :
 What need these feats, pomps, and vain glories ?

Tim. Nay,
 If you begin to rail once on society,
 I am sworn not to give regard to you.
 Farewel ; and come with better musick.

[*Exit.*

Apem. So ;—
 Thou wilt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll
 lock
 Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should be
 To counsel deaf, but not to flattery !

[*Exit.*

A C T II.

A C T II.

S C E N E I. *A public Place in the City.**Enter a Senator.**Senator.*

AND late, five thousand to Varro ; and to Isidore,
 He owes nine thousand ;—besides my former sum,
 Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
 Of raging waste ? It cannot hold : it will not.
 If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
 And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold :
 If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
 Better than he, why give my horse to Timon,
 Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
 And able horses : No porter at his gate ;
 But rather one that smiles, and still invites
 All that pass by. It cannot hold ; no reason
 Can found his state in safety.—Caphis, ho !
 Caphis, I say !

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir ; What is your pleasure ?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon ;
 Importune him for my monies ; be not ceas'd
 With slight denial ; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus ;—but tell him, sirrah,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own ; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Has smit my credit : I love, and honour him ;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger :
 Immediate are my needs ; and my relief
 Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone :
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a Phoenix. Get you gone.

B 2

Caph.

Caph. I go, fir.

Sen. I go, fir?—take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, fir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

TIMON'S Hall. Enter FLAVIUS, with many Bills in his Hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot; Takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue; Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, 'till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.

Enter CAPHIS, with the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Caph. Good even, Varro: What,
You come for money?

Var. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is:—And your's too, Isidore?

Isid. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?

[*They present their Bills.*]

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens, here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:

My

My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past,—

Isid. Your steward puts me off, my lord; and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, &c.
I'll wait upon you instantly.— Come hither, pray you.

[*To* FLAVIUS.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd,
With clamorous demands of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, 'till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends: See them well entertain'd.

[*Exit* TIMON.

Flav. Pray draw near.

[*Exit* FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS, and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus;
Let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.—Come away.

Isid. [*To Var.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already. [*To the Fool,*

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me, what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my master's page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Can'st not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. Even so, thou out-run'st grace.

Fool. I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers.

All. Ay 'would they serv'd us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my master's house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. What is a whore-master, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee: 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from four-score to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON, and FLAVIUS,

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometimes the philosopher.

Flav. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[Exeunt APEMANTUS, and Fool,

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, e'er this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me; That I might so have rated my expence, As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me, At many leifures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to :

Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back ;
And that unaptness made you minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord !

At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you ; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept ;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, prayed you
To hold your hand more close ; I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks ; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time ;
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues ; the future comes apace :
What shall defend the interim ? and at length
How goes our reckoning ?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a world ;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone ?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falseshood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine ; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy ;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord !

How

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force means, but is lord
Timon's?

Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? can'st thou the conscience lack
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and Men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance blefs your thought!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are
crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there,—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,——

Tim. I will dispatch you severally,——You, to lord
Lucius,——
To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to day; You to Sempronius,—
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? hum!

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have

Deserv'd

Deserv'd this hearing), bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold
(For that I knew it the most general way),
To them to use your signet, and your name ;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true ? can't be ?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and coporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they knew not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods reward them !—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly : These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius,—Pr'ythee, be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest ; ingenuously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee.—Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father : by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate : when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents : Greet him from me ;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents : —that had, give it these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Never speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it ; That thought
bounty's foe ;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I. LUCULLUS's House in Athens.

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Servant,

I HAVE told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully welcome, Sir—Fill me some wine.—And how does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith nothing but an empty box, sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having a great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and came again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man hath his fault, and honesty is his; I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Re-enter Servant, with Wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise.
Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observ'd thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,— give thee thy due,— and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.
[*To the Servant, who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ;
And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the Money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

[*Exit LUCULLUS.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you Gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.]

SCENE II. *A public Street.*

Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good Friend,
and an honourable Gentleman.

1 *Stran.*

1. *Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of the men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urg'd extremely for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am agham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have receiv'd some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honour'd lord,—

[*To LUCIUS.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well;—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent.—

Luc. Ha! what hath he sent? I am so much endear'd to that lord; he's ever sending; How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five-hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast I say: I was sending to use lord Timon my self, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, not for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and, I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[Exit SERVILIUS.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed.

[Exit.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this is the world's sport;
And just of the same piece is every flatterer's soul.
Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,

Nor

Nor came any of his bounties over me,
 To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
 And honourable carriage,
 Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into donation,
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his heart : But, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense ;
 For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS'S *House.* Enter SEMPRONIUS, with a
Servant of TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't ? Hum ! 'Bove all
 others ?

He might have try'd lord Lucius, or Lucullus ;
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeem'd from prison : All these
 Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
 They have all been touch'd, and found base metal, for
 They have all deny'd him !

Sem. How ! have they deny'd him ?
 Hath Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him ?
 And does he send to me ? Three ? hum !——
 It shews but little love or judgment in him.
 Must I be his last refuge ? his friends, like physicians,
 Thrive, give him over ; must I take the cure upon me ?
 He has much disgrac'd me in't ; I am angry at him,
 That might have known my place : I see no sense for't,
 But his occasions might have woo'd me first ;
 For, in my conscience, I was the fir st man
 That e'er receiv'd gift from him :
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,
 That I'll requite it last ? No :
 So it may prove an argument of laughter
 To the rest, and I 'mongst lords be thought a fool.

I had

I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;
 I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,
 And with their faint reply this answer join ;
 Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.

Serv. Excellent ! Your Lordship's a goodly Villain.
 The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick ; he cross'd himself by't : and I cannot think, but, in the end, the Villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul ? takes virtuous copies to be wicked ; like those that under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.

Of such a nature is his politick love.

This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,
 Save only the gods : Now his friends are dead,
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
 Many a bounteous year, must be employed
 Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows ;
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. TIMON'S Hall.

Enter VARRO, TITUS, HORTENSIVS, LUCIVS, and other Servants of TIMON'S Creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. Well met ; good morrow, Titus, and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius ?

What, do we meet together ?

Lac. Ay, and, I think,

One business does command us all ; for mine
 Is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. And sir Philotus too !

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him
You must consider, that a prodigal's course
Is like the sun's; but not like his, recoverable.
I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: What's yours?

Luc. Five thousand mine.

Var. 'Tis very deep: and it should seem by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

C

Luc.

Luc. Flaminius! sir, a word: Pray is my lord Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows your are too diligent. [Exit FLAMINIUS.]

Enter FLAVIUS, in a Cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Var. By your leave, sir,——

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting,

'Twere sure enough.

Why then perferr'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

Then they would smile, and fawn upon his debts,

And take down the interest in their gluttonous maws;

You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believ't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you; For you serve knaves. [Exit.]

Var. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

Tit. No matter what; he's poor, And that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader Than he that has no house to put his head in? Such may rail 'gainst great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius? now we shall know Some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, To repair some other hour, I should Derive much from it: for, take it on my soul, My lord leans wondrously to discontent:

His

His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And, if he be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a Rage.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my jail?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my lord.

Gaph. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em, cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in fums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours? and yours?

1 Var. My lord,—

2 Var. My lord,

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

[*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may be well call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON, and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves :

Creditors !—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so ?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so :—My steward !

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly ?—Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, all ;
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul ;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care ; go,
I charge thee, invite them all : let in the tide
Of knaves once more ; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Senate-House.*

Senators, and ALCIBIADES.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't ; the fault's
bloody ;

'Tis necessary he should die :

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true ; the law shall bruise 'em.

Alc. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate !

1 *Sen.* Now, captain ?

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your virtues ;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath slept into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Of

Of comely virtues :

Nor did he foil the fact with cowardice
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault);
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe :

And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

I Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring man-slaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born :
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsidcs ; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly ;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill ?

Alc. My lord,—

I Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats ; sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy ? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad ? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it ;
The ass, more captain than the lion ; and the fellow,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good :
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
 But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
 To be in anger, is impiety;
 But who is man, that is not angry?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his service done
 At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alc. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
 And slain in fight many of your enemies:
 How full of valour did he bear himself
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em; he
 Is a sworn rioter: he has a sin
 That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner;
 If there were no foes, that were enough
 To overcome him: in that beastly fury
 He has been known to commit outrages,
 And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
 His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
 My lords, if not for any parts in him
 (Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
 And be in debt to none), yet more to move you,
 Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
 And, for I know, your reverend ages love
 Security I'll pawn my victories, all
 My honours to you, upon his good returns.
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,
 Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
 On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
 He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
 I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

2 Sen.

3 *Sen.* What ?

Alc. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me ;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace ;
My wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger ?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me ?
Banish your dotage ; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.
And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senate.*

Alc. Now the gods keep you old enough ; that you may
live
Only in bone, that none may look on you !
I am worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest ; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts.—All those, for this ?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds ? Ha ! banishment ?
It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds ;
Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as gods.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. TIMON'S House.

Enter divers Senators at several Doors.

1 *Sen.* The good time of day to you, Sir,

2 *Sen.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable
lord did but try us this other day.

C 4

1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encounter'd : I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Sen.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Sen.* I should think so : he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off : but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner I was in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Sen.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you ?

1 *Sen.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thousand pieces !

1 *Sen.* What of you ?

3 *Sen.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both ; —And how fare you ?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Sen.* The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter ; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay : feast your ears with the musick awhile ; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpet's sound : we shall to't presently.

1 *Sen.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah ! my good friend ! what cheer ?

[*The Banquet brought in.*

2 *Sen.*

2 *Sen.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me; I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 *Sen.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd dishes—

1 *Sen.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you? what's the news?

3 *Sen.* Alcibiades is banish'd: hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 *Sen.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Sen.* How? how?

2 *Sen.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Sen.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 *Sen.* This is the old man still.

3 *Sen.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Sen.* It does: but time will—and so—

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves prais'd: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is a miss

miss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing blest them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm
water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who struck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing Water in their Faces,

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physick first,—thou too,—and thou;

[Throws the Dishes at them.

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity?

[Exit.

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Sen.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Sen.* I have lost my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour
sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now
he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Sen.*

2 *Sen.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I. *Without the walls of Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

Timon.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves ! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens ! Matrons, turn incontinent ;
Obedience fail in children ! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads ! to general filths
Convert o'the instant, green virginity !
Do't in your parents' eyes ! bankrupts, hold fast ;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats ! bound servants, steel ;
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law ! maid, to thy master's bed,
Thy mistress is o'the brothel ! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
With it beat out his brains ! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live !—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke ! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners ! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth ;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,

And

And drown themselves in riot ! itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms ; and their crop
 Be general leprosy ! breath infect breath ;
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison ! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town !
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns !
 Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
 The Athenians both within and out that wall !
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low !
 Amen.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where is our master?
 Are we undone ? cast off ? nothing remaining ?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you ?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke !
 So noble a master fallen ! All gone ! and not
 One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him !

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
 From our companion, thrown into his grave,
 So his familiars from his buried fortunes
 Slink all away ; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd : and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all shunn'd poverty,
 Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

L. A.

3. *Serv.*

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces ; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow : Leak'd is our bark ;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the furies threat : we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows ; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some ;
[*Giving them money.*

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us !
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory ? or to live
But in a dream of friendship ?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart ;
Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !
Who then dares to be half so kind again ?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—blest, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched ;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord !
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends : nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out :
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Woods.**Enter* TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
 The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
 To whom all foes lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature.
 Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour.
 It is the pastor lards the brother's sides,
 The want that makes him leave. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
 So are they all; for every grize of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
 There's nothing level in our curfed natures,
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
 Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging the Earth.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
 I am no idle votarist: Roots, you clear heavens!
 Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
 Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
 Ha! you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why
 this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
 This yellow slave

Will

Will knit and break religions ; blefs the accurs'd ;
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With fenators on the bench ; this is it,
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;
 She, whom the fpital-houfe and ulcerous fores
 Would caft the gorge at, this embalms and fpices
 To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha ! a drum ?

—Thou'rt quick,
 But yet I'll bury thee : Thou'lt go, ftrong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot ftand :—
 Nay, ftay thou out for earneft. [Keeping some Gold.]

Enter ALCIBIADES, with *Drum and Fife*, in warlike
 manner, and PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alc. What art thou there ? fpeak.

Tim. A beaft, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy
 heart,

For fhewing me again the eyes of man !

Alc. What is thy name ? Is man fo hateful to thee,
 That art thyfelf a man ?

Tim. I am *mifanthropos*, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wifh thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee fomething.

Alc. I know thee well ;
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and ftrange.

Tim. I know thee too ; and more, than that I know
 thee,

I not defire to know. Follow thy drum ;
 With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules :
 Religious canons, civil laws are cruel ;
 Then what fhould war be ? This fell whore of thine
 Hath in her more deftruction than thy fword,
 For all her cherubin look.

Phr. Thy lips rot off !

Tim. I will not kifs thee ; then the rot returns
 To thine own lips again.

Alc.

Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give :
But then renew I could not, like the moon ;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none : If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man ! If thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou art a man !

Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now ; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully ?

Tim. Art thou Timandra ?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still ! they love thee not, that use thee ;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours : season the slaves
For tubs, and baths ; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster !

Alc. Pardon him, sweet Timandra ; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band : I have heard, and griev'd,
How curst Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost
trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alc.

Alc. Why, fare thee well :

Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens ?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest ;
and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd !

Alc. Why me, Timon ?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born
To conquer my country.

Put up thy gold ; Go on,—here's gold,—go on ;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air : Let not thy sword skip one :

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He is an usurer : Strike me the counterfeit matron,

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd : Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

Set them down horrible traitors : spare not the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy ;

Think it is a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mince in fans remorse : Swear against objects ;

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers :

Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the gold thou giv'st
me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon
thee !

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon : hast thou more ?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant : You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,——spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions : be whores still ;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turn-coats : Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary : and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead ;——some that were hang'd,
No matter :——wear them, betray with them : whore
still ;

Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face,
A pox of wrinkles !

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold ;—what then ?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
And snar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly : hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself : down with the nose,
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that is particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate ruffians
bald ;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you : Plague all ;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold :—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all !

Phr. and Timan. More counsel, with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I have given you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewel, Timon ;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again,

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it.

Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him.—Strike.

Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIBIADES,
PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.

Tim. [*Digging.*] That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,

Should yet be hungry !——Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !
Enfear thy fertile and conception womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears ;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented !—O, a root,—dear thanks !
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas ;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips !

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man ? Plague ! plague !

D 2

Apem.

Apem. I am directed hither : Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate : Consumption catch thee !

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected ;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade ? this place ?
This slave like habit ? and these looks of care ?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft ;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee : hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent : Thou wast told thus ;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,
To knaves, and all approachers : 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal ; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself ;
A madman so long, now a fool ; What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm ? will these moist trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out ? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heaven ; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee ;
O ! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee : Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why ?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem.

Apem. I flatter not ; but say, you are a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out ?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What ! a knave too ?

Apem. If thou did'st put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well : but thou
Dost it enforcedly ; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Out-lives incertain pomp, is crown'd before :
The one is filling still, never complete ;
The other, at high wish : But state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.
Had'st thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
In general riot ; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust ; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary ;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty, more than I could frame employment
(That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows) ; I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden :
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men ?
They never flatter'd thee : what hast thou given ?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject ; who in spight, put stuff

To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ! be gone !—
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet ?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now :

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
 That the whole life of Athens were in this !

Thus would I eat it, *[Eating a Root.*

Apem. Here ; I will mend thy feast.

[Offering him something.

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by the lack of thine,

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens ?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
 Tell them there I have gold ; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest :

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm,

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights Timon ?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus ?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather,
 where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
 mind !

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it ?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but
 the extremity of both ends : When thou wast in thy guilt,
 and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curiosi-
 ty ; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despis'd for
 the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar ?

Tim.

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hast hated medlars sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know belov'd?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou had'st some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women, nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine ownself the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, and see'st not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me,

thou might'st have hit upon it here : The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city ?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee ! I will fear to catch it, and give way : When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon. A plague on thee !

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse !

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,— but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off !

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog !

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive ;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst !

Tim. Away.

Thou tedious rogue ! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee.

Apem. Beast !

Tim. Slave !

Apem. Toad !

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue !

[APEMANTUS *retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world ; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave ;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily : make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the Gold.*
'Twixt

'Twixt natural son and fire ! thou bright defiler
 Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !
 Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
 That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,
 That folder'ft close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kifs ! that speak'st with every tongue,
 To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts !
 Think, thy slave man rebels ; and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire !

Apem. 'Would 'twere so ;—

But not 'till I am dead !— I'll say, thou hast gold :
 Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery !

Tim. Long live so, and so die !— I am quit.

[*Exit APEMANTUS.*]

More things like men ?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold ? It is some
 poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder : The
 mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove
 him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him ; if he care
 not for't, he will supply us easily ; if he covetously reserve
 it, how shall's get it ?

2 *Thief.* True ; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he ?

All. Where ?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He ; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves ?

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too ; and women's sons.

All.

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All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too ; and women's sons.

All.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth an hundred springs:
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bountious huswife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mefs before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and
fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood o'the grape,
'Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The seas a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
Amen.

[Exit.

3 *Thief.* He has almost charm'd me from my profession,
by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus ad-
vises

vifes us ; not to have us thrive in our myſtery.

2 *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief*, Let us firſt ſee peace in Athens ; There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true. [*Exeunt*.]

A C T V.

SCENE I. *The Woods, and TIMON's Cave.*

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flavius.

O you gods !
Is yon deſpis'd and ruinous man my lord ?
Full of decay and failing ? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly beſtow'd !
What an alteration of honour has
Deſperate want made !
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring nobleſt minds to baſeſt ends !
How rarely does it meet with this time's guiſe,
When man has wiſh'd to love his enemies :
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that do !
He has caught me in his eye : I will preſent
My honeſt grief unto him ; and, as my lord,
Still ſerve him with my life.—My deareſt Maſter !

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Flav. Have you forgot me, ſir ?

Tim. Why doſt aſk that ? I have forgot all men ;
Then, if thou grant'ſt thou art a man, I have
Forgot thee.

Flav. An honeſt poor ſervant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not :

I ne'er had honeſt man about me, I ; all
I kept were knaves, to ſerve in meat to villains.

Flav.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—come nearer ; —
then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping :
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weep-
ing !

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
—Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—But one ;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself : But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise ;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service :
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness ; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one ?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late :
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast :
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I shew, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,

Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange it
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth.
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—thou single honest man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all: shew charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not; but fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II. *The same.*

Enter POET, and PAINTER.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where
he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour
hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and
Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor
straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave
his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for
his friends?

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens
again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not
amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd dis-
tress of his: it will shew honestly in us; and is very likely
to

to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter TIMON from his Cave, unseen.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foam;
Settest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye

Be

Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey !
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail ! worthy Timon.

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men ?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits !
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What ! to you !
Whose star like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being ! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better :
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men ! Why, how shall I requite
you ?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water ? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men ! You have heard that I
have gold ;

I am sure, you have : speak truth : you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord : but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I

Tim. Good honest men :—Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens : thou art, indeed, the best ;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say :—And, for thy fiction,
[To the Poet.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But,

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault :
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you ; neither with I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed ?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord ?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom : yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well ; I'll give you
gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies :
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this.—But two in com-
pany,—

Each man apart,—all single, and alone,—
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.—
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[*To the Painter.*

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[*To the Poet.*

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! Pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves :
You have work for me, there is payment : Hence!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that :—

Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE



Burney del.

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SCENE III.

Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon ;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing, but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave :
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same : 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus : time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him : Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here ! lord Timon ! Timon !
Look out, and speak to friends : The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee :
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun that comfort'st, burn !—Speak, and be
hang'd !
For each true word, a blister, and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking !

1 Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them ; and would send them back the
plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with the consent of love,
Entreat the back to Athens ; who have thought

E

On

On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross :
And now the publick body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon ;
And sends forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it ;
Surprize me to the very brink of tears :
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority ; so soon shall we drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will ; therefore I will, sir ; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war ;
Then let him know,—and, tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,

And

And let him take't at worst ; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer : for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow ; My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still ;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough !

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country ; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke,

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass through
them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them ;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragil vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them ;—
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it ; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself : I pray you, do my greeting.

E 2

Flav.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again : but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover ; thither come,
And let my grave stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let four words go by, and language end :
What is amiss, plague and infection mend !
Graves only be men's works ; and death, their gain !
Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit* TIMON.]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in man is dead : let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Walls of Athens.*

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd ; are his files
As full as thy report ?

Mes. I have spoke the least :
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, If they bring not Timon.

Mes. I met a courier, one my ancient friend ;—
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends ;—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter



Burney del.

Goulden Scul.

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Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Changes to the Woods.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sol. By all description, this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb?
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *Before the Walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Powers.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach,

[*Sound a Parley. The Senators appear upon the Walls.*
'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; 'till now, myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your Power,
Have wander with our travest arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more*: now breathless wrong

Shall

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease ;
And purify insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we have cause to fear,
We sent to thee ; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promised means ;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs : nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out ;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread :
By decimation, and a tithed death
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths), take thou the destin'd tenth ;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended ;
For those that were, it is not square, to take,
On those that are, revenges ; crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended : like a shepherd
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 *Sen.*

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope ;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, 'till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove ;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports :
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more : and,—to atone your fears
With my noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedy'd by your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most noble spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead ;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea :
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture ; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[*ALCIBIADES reads the Epitaph.*]

*Here lies wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft :
Seek not my name : A plague consume you wicked caitiffs
left !*

Here

*Here lie I Timon ; who, alive, all living men did hate :
Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay not here thy
gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :
Though thou abhor'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave.—On :—Faults forgiven.—Dead
Is noble Timon ; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword :
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leach.—
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

THE END.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN.

PRIAM,	}	<i>Trojans.</i>
HECTOR		
TROILUS,		
PARIS,		
DEIPHOBUS,		
HELENUS,		
ÆNEAS,		
PANDARUS,		
CALCHAS,		
ANTENOR,		
MARGARELON,		<i>a Bastard Son of Priam.</i>
AGAMEMNON,	}	<i>Greeks.</i>
ACHILLES,		
AJAX,		
MENELAUS,		
ULYSSES,		
NESTOR,		
DIOMEDES,		
PATROCLUS,		
THERSITES,		

WOMEN.

HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus.*
 ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*
 CASSANDRA, *Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.*
 CRESSIDA, *Daughter to Calchas.*

ALEXANDER, *Cressida's Servant.*

Boy, *Page to Troilus,*

Servant to Diomedes.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE, *Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Troy. PRIAM'S Palace.**Enter PANDARUS and TROILUS.**Troilus.*

CALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again :
 Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
 That find such cruel war here within ?
 Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
 Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended ?

Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
 strength,
 Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;
 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance ;
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
 And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this : for my
 part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will
 have a cake out of the wheat must tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd ?

Pan. Ay, the grinding ; but you must tarry the boul-
 ing.

Troi. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening : but here's yet in the
 word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake,
 the heating of the oven, and the baking ; nay, you must
 stay cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what goddesses e'er she be,
 Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit ;
 And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
 So, traitor !—when she comes !—When is she thence ?

Pan. Well, she look'd yester-night fairer than ever
 I saw her look, or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than
Helen's (well, go to,) there were no more comparison
between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kins-
woman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But
I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did.
I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit: but——

Troi. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
Handlest in thy discourse:——O that her hand!
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she
is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not,
she has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel: ill-thought
on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and
between, but small thanks for my labour:

Troi. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what with
me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so

fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I; I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my patt, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Troi. Pandarus—

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet Pandarus—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit PANDARUS.*

[*Sound Alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;

And he's as reachy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chafe against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:

Between our Illium, and where she resides,

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;

Ourself the merchant; and this sailing Pandar

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[*Alarum.*] Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Troi. Because not there: This woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field, to-night?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Troi. Let Paris bleed : 'tis but a scar to scorn ;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark ! what good sport is out of town to-day !

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might* were may.—
But, to the sport abroad ;—Are you bound thither ?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA, and ALEXANDER her Servant.

Cre. Who were those went by ?

Serv. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they ?

Serv. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd :
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he ; where every flower
Did as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger ?

Serv. The noise goes, this : There is among the
Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;
They call him Ajax

Cre. Good : and what of him ?

Serv. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cre. So do all men ; unless they are drunk, sick, or
have no legs.

Serv. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their
particular additions ; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish
as the bear, slow as the elephant : a man into whom nature
hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed
into folly, his folly sauced with discretion ; there is no
man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of ; nor any
man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it : He is me-
lancholy without cause, and merry against the hair : He

hath the joint of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briarius, many hands and no use; or purblinded Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Serv. They say, he yesterday cop'd Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cre. Who comes here?

Serv. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Serv. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good-morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cre. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cre. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

B 4

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were,——

Cre. So he is.

Pan. —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would a'were himself, Well, the gods are above: Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'T would not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour (for so 'tis, I must confess)—Not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then Troilus should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the

other day into the compass'd window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a rapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars thereinto a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young : and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter ?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cre. Juno have mercy !—How came it cloven ?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled ; I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cre. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not ?

Cre. O, yes ; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then :—But, to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus——

Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus ! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his chin ;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin ! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing ! Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes ;—Did her eyes run o'er too ?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cre. At what was all this laughing ?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one-and fifty-hairs on your chin, and one of them is a white.*

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One-and-fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white!* *That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?* *The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.

Cre. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. *[Sound a Retreat.*

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely; I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: But mark Troilus: you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrew'd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever; and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passeth over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that : There's a fellow !—Go thy way, Hector ;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector !—Look, how he looks ! there's a countenance : Is't not a brave man?

Cre. O, a brave man !

Pan. Is a' not? It does a man's heart good—Look you, what hacks are on in his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting; laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cre. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords! any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris! look you yonder, niece: Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is;—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel where Troilus is!—Hark! do you not hear the people cry Troilus! Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!--look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's: And how he looks, and how he goes!--O admirable youth; he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris!--Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Enter Soldiers, &c.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a dray man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well!--Why have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man: and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come [*Exit Boy*]. I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle,——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token—you are a bawd.——

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,——
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. *Exit.*

S C E N E III. *The Grecian Camp.*

*Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,
MENELAUS, with others.*

Aga. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disaster
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain,
Tortive and errant, from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gav't furnished shape. Why then, you princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
 And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protractive trials of great Jove,
 To find persifive constancy in men?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
 Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike feat,
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble-boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk?
 But let the ruffian Boreas once engage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding Between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak, untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
 In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
 Than by the tyger: but when splitting winds
 Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,

And flies fleet under shade, Why, then, the thing of courage,
 As rouz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
 And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
 Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
 Besides the applause and approbation,
 The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[To AGAMEMNON.]

And thou, most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—
[To NESTOR.]

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
 Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree
 On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
 To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—
 Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Ag. Speak, prince of Ithaca! and be't of less expect
 That matter needless, of importless burden,
 Divide thy lips; than, we are confident,
 When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
 We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,
 And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
 But for these instances.

The speciality of rule hath been neglected;
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
 When that the general is not like the hive,
 To whom the foragers shall all repair.
 What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
 The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
 Observe degree, priority, and place,
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,

Office, and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence entron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other ; whose med'cinal eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad ; But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents ; what mutiny ?
What raging of the sea ? shaking of earth ?
Commotion in the winds ? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of state
Quite from their fixtura ? O ! when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprize is sick ! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place ?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy : The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
And make a sop of all this solid globe :
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead :
Force should be right ; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice relides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite ;
And appetite an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make, perforce, an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglect of degree it is,
That by a pace backward, with a purpose

It hath to climb : The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below ; he, by the next ;
 That next, by him beneath : so every step,
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation :
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Aga. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 What is the remedy ?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs : With him, Patroclus,
 Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
 Breaks scurril jests ;
 And with ridiculous and aukward action
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
 He pageants us. Sometime great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless deputation he puts on ;
 And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
 Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
 Such to-be pitied, and o'er-rested seeming,
 He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a mending ; with terms unquar'd,
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon drop'd,
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;
 Cries—*Excellent !—'tis Agamemnon just !—*
Now play me Nestor ;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.
 That's done ;—as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels ; as like as Vulcan and his wife :
 Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent !*

*'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; O:—enough, Patroclus!—
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen! And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.*

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war
Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestal prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemy's weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. *[Trumpet sounds.]*

Aga. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Aga. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Aga. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's ac-
cord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise dittains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, tran-
scends.

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

C 2

Æne. Sir, pardon ; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him :
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind ;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake—
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brafs voice through all these lazy tents ;—
And every Greek mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince called Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown ; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords !
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease ;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear ;
That loves his mistress more than in confession
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves),
And dare avow her beauty, and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it :
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms ;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :
If any come, Hector shall honour him ;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Aga. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas ;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,

We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandfire suck'd: He is old now;
 But, if there be not in our Grecian host
 One noble man that hath one spark of fire
 To answer for his love, Tell him from me—
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
 And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
 Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
 As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
 I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Ag. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, fir.
 Achilles shall have word of this intent;
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Excunt.*

Manent ULYSSES and NESTOR.

Ulyss. Nestor—

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
 Be you my time to bring it some'shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:
 Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
 That hath to its maturity blown up
 In rank Achilles, must or now be cropt,
 Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
 To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
 However it is spread in general name,
 Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up :
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you ?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet : Whom may you else oppose,

That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles ? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells ;
For here the Trojan taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate : And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action : for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general ;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice :
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues ; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conqu'ring part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves ?
Which entertain'd, limbs are in his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech ;—
Therefore, 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worst first, Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;

For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: What are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Where he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
Give him allowance as the better man,
For that will physic the great myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull, brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax.

THERSITES—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full,
all over, gennerally?

Ajax. Ther/sites—

C 4

Ther. And these boils did run!—Say so,——did not the general run then; were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog—

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [Strikes him.]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unfalted leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation—

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say the proclamation—

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Therfites!

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailer breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur!

[Beating him.]

Ther. Do, do

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold

among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus? How now, Therites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, who-soever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.*]

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you ; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Therfites.

Achil. What's the quarrel ?

Ajax. I bid the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary ; no man is beaten voluntary : Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so ; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains ; a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me, too, Therfites.

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what ?

Ther. Yes, good sooth : To Achilles ! to, Ajax ! to—

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter ; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Therfites ; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I ?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like clodpoles, ere I come any more to your tents ; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.

Patr. A good riddance,

Achil. Marry this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host :

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach ; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what ; 'tis trash : Farewell ;

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him ?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery ; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you :—I'll go learn more of it.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Troy.* PRIAM's Palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and
HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks ;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear, that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war—
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't ?

Hect. Though no man less fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows ?*
Than Hector is : The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure ; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go :
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen ; I mean, of ours :
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours ; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten ;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up ?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother !
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces ? will you with counters sum
The past proportion of his infinite ?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,

With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons.
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but sat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make liyers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hel. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Troi. What is ought, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hel. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectionally itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the filks upon the merchant
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
 Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks :
 Your breath of full consent belly'd his sails ;
 The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
 And did him service : he touch'd the ports desir'd :
 And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
 Why keep we her ? the Grecians keep our aunt :
 Is she worth keeping ? why she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go*),
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
 And cry'd—*Inestimable !*) why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate ;
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land ? O theft most base ;
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep !
 But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place !

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry !

Pri. What noise ? what shriek is this ?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans !

Hec. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry ? lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them up with prophetic tears.

Hec. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
 Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
 Add to my clamours ! let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
 Cry, Trojans, cry ! practise your eyes with tears !

Troy must not be, nor good Ilium stand;
 Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
 Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe;
 Cry, cry, Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[Exit.]

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
 Of divination in our sister work
 Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
 So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
 Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
 Can qualify the same?

Troi. Why, brother Hector,
 We may not think the justness of each act
 Such and no other than event doth form it;
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
 Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
 Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
 Which hath our several honours all engag'd
 To make it gracious. For my private part,
 I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
 And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
 Such things as would offend the weakest spleen
 To fight for and maintain!

Paris. Else might the world convince of levity
 As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
 But I attest the gods, your full consent
 Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas! can these my single arms?
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will,
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
 You have the honey still, but these the gall;
 So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Paris. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;

But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say.
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners: Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And the great minds of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king, ———
As it is known she is, ——— these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But it makes it much more heavy. *Hector's opinion*

Is this, in way of truth: yet ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown:
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory.
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am your's,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus. —
I have a roisting challenge sent among'st
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowzy spirits:
I was advertis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp.* ACHILLES' Tent.

Enter THERSITES.

How now, Therfites? what, lost in the labyrinth of
thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats
me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would it
were otherwise, that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at
me:—'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll
see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's
Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken 'till
these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall
of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus,
forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury,

lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if you take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself know is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy iron, and cutting the web! After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil Envy, say Amen. What ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Ther sites? Good Ther sites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven blest thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—Thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay: The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Ther sites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where, where?—Art thou come? Why my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon!

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Ther sites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

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Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Therfites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Therfites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this: come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Therfites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here!

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Therfites. [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is—a cuckold, and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all; [Exit.

Aga. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him, that we are here.

He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [Exit.

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why: let him shew us a cause.—A word, my lord. [To AGAMEMNON.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their faction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy; His legs are for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call on him; he hopes it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Ag. Hear you, Patroclus;—

We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot out-fly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,— Not virtuously on his part beheld,—

Do, in our eyes begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him: We come to speak to him; And you shall not sin,

If you do say—we think him over-proud, And under honest; in self-assumption greater, Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself,

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on; Disguise the holy strength of their command,

And under write in an observing kind
 His humorous predominance; yea, watch
 His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
 The passage and whole carriage of this action
 Rode on his tide. Go, tell him; and add,
 That, if he over-hold his price so much,
 We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
 Not portable, lie under this report—
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
 Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
 We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks
 himself

A better man than I?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought and say—he is?

Aga. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, us valiant,
 As wise, and no less noble, much more gentle,
 And altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man beproud?

How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Aga. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues
 The fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself:
 Pride in his own glass, his own trumpet, his
 Own chronicle! and whate'er praises itself
 But in the deed, devours the deed i' the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engender-
 ing of toads,

Nest. [*Aside.*] And yet he loves himself; Is it not
 strange?

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
 But carries on the stream of his dispose,

Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not upon our fair request,
Untent hid person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—*no recovery.*

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.——
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
Tis said he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles! shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own steam?
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stain his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid!
And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him!*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause.

[*Aside.*
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Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll pass him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:—
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow,——

Nest. How he describes himself! [Aside.]

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness. [Aside.]

Ajax. I'll let his humour blood.

Aga. He will be the physician that should be the patient. [Aside.]

Ajax. An all men were o'my mind—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [Aside.]

Ajax. He should not bear it so,

He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [Aside.]

Ulyss. He would have ten shares. [Aside.]

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises: [Aside.]

Pour in, pour in; his ambition his dry.

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[To AGAMEMNON.]

Nest. Our noble general do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man——But 'tis before his face;

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!

'Would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now——

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly born?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet
composure;

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Diogenes del.

W. H. S. sculp.

Published as the Act directs, by William J. Roberts, Print. 1790.

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck
 Fam'd be thy tutor; and thy parts of nature
 Thrice-fam'd, beyond, beyond all erudition:
 But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
 Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
 And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
 Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
 To finewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
 Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
 Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—
 Instructed by the antiquary Times,
 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
 But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
 As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
 You should not have the eminence of him,
 But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
 Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
 To call together all his states of war;
 Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
 We must with all our main of power stand fast:
 And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
 And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy. The Palace,

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant. [*Music within.*]

Pandarus.

FRIEND! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow
 the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean.

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Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman: I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, fir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, fir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, fir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, fir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, fir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, fir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, fir: Marry, fir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, fir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business' sakes.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—
Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke, it cousin : and, by my life, you shall make it whole again ; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance : he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, fir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth ; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord ! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen :—
My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word ?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out ; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—
But (marry) thus, my lord.—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus ; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to : commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody : If you do, our melancholy upon your head ?

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen ; that's a sweet queen, I faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a four offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn ; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words ; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen ? my very very sweet queen ?

Par. What exploit's in hand ? where sups he to-night ?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen ? My cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups,

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no, such matter, you are wide ; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the fore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! Oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love: and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they speed to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*]

Par. They are come from field; let us to Priam's hall, To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you, To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinew; you shall do more Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris: Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more pain in beauty than we have; Yea, over-shines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. PANDARUS' Garden.

Enter PANDARUS and TROILUS' Man.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Troi. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks,
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I will bring her
straight. [Exit PAN.]

Troi. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense: What will it be,
when that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches
her wind so short, as if she were 'fray'd with a sprite:
I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her
breath as short as a new ta'en sparrow. [Exit PAN.]

Troi. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a
baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her
that you have sworn to me—What, are you gone again?
you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you?
Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw back—

ward, we'll put you i' the files.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for the ducks i' the river; go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? here's—*In witness whereof, the parties interchangeably*—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. [Exit PAN.]

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cre. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfections of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They

that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now you hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her two; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
 And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
 Or, that we women had men's privilege
 Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
 For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
 The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
 Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
 my very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
 'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
 I am ashamed;—O heavens! what have I done?—
 For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave? an you take leave 'till to-morrow morning,——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, my own company.

Troi. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you;
 But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
 To be another's fool. I would be gone:——
 Where is my wit? I speak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than love;
 And fell so roundly to a large confession,
 To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
 Or else you love not: For to be wise, and love,
 Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Troi. O, that it could be in a woman
 (As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
 To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
 To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
 Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
 That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
 Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
 That my integrity and truth to you

Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a window'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similies, truth tired with iteration,——
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre——
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.——Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false to one another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all Pandars; let all inconstant men be Troilus's, all false women Cressid's, and all brokers-between, Pandars! say amen.

Troi. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a bed-chamber ; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death : away.

And Cupid grant all tongue ty'd maidens here,

Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear ! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMED, NESTOR,
AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,
Incurr'd a traitor's name ; expos'd myself,
From certain, and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes ; sequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature ;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many regist'ed in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Ag. What would'st thou of us, Trojan ? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took ; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still deny'd : But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage ; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him : let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence

E

Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Aga. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither ; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange :
Withal, bring word—If Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge ; Ajax is ready.

Diom. This shall I undertake ; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exit DIOM. and CAL.*]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent :—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot ;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him ?——
I will come last : 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him ?
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink ;
It may do good : pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride ; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose. and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along :——
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me ?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Aga. What says Achilles ? would he aught with us ?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you ? how do you ?

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me ?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus ?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha!

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay; and good next day too. [Exeunt.

Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were used to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but's honour'd for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face,
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself
 To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
 (That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
 Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
 Salutes each other with each other's form.
 For speculation turns not to itself,
 'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
 Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do no strain at the position,
 It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
 Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves——
 That no man is the lord of any thing
 (Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
 'Till he communicate his parts to others:
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 'Till he behold them form'd in the applause
 Where they are extended; which, like an arch, rever-
 berates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
 And apprehended here immediately
 The unknown Ajax.
 Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
 That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
 there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
 What things again most dear in the esteem,
 And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow
 An act very chance doth throw upon him,
 Ajax renown'd. O heavens! what some men do,
 While some men leave to do!
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
 While others play the ideots in her eyes;
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
 To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;

As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy inrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingritudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear, my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an ent'red tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And shew to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object :
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drave Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical :
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
 With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha ! known ?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder ?

The providence that's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost every grain of Pluto's gold ;
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps ;
 Keeps place with thought ; and almost, like the gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
 There is a mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state,
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath, or pen, can give expreasure to :
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord ;
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena :
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump ;
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing, —
~~Great Hector's sister did Achilles win ;~~
~~But our brave Ajax bravely beat down him.~~
 Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;
 That fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*
Pair. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you :

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this ;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus :
Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

Patr. Ay ; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake ;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware !

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves :
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go, call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus ;
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd : I have a woman's longings,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace ;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd !

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What ?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field asking for himself.

Achil. How so ?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector ;
and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgeling,
that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be ?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,
a stride, and a stand : ruminates, like an hostess, that

hath no arithmetic but her brain to set her down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—there were wit in his head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good morrow, Ajax*; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Therfites.

Ther. Who, I? why he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove blefs great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent.

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to'th?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it

will go one way or other; howsoever he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's not out o'tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: but, I am sure, none; unless the fidler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt PATROCLUS and ACHILLES.*]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *A Street in Troy.*

*Enter at one Door ÆNEAS, and Servant with a Torch;
at another, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMED, &c. with Torches.*

Paris.

SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lay long,

As you, prince Paris, nought but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good-morrow, lord

Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; takes his hand;
Witness the process of your speech, wherein

You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live!
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know
not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 'Twas to bring this
Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think
(Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge),
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you ;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help :
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [Exit.

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed ; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus ?

Dio. Both alike :
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soylure)
With such a hell of pain and world of charge ;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends :
He, like a puling cuckold would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece ;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors :
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more ;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country : Hear me, Paris,—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain : since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell,
Here lies our way. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. PANDARUS' House

*Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.**Troi.* Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.*Cre.* Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.*Troi.* Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give us soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants empty of all thought!*Cre.* Good morrow then.*Troi.* I pr'ythee now, to bed.*Cre.* Are you weary of me?*Troi.* O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.*Cre.* Night has been too brief.*Troi.* Beshrew the witch! with venemous wights she
stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.*Cre.* Pr'ythee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressida!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's one up.*Pan.* [*Within.*] What's all the doors open here?*Troi.* It is you uncle.*Enter PANDARUS.**Cre.* A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life——*Pan.* How now, how now? how go maidenheads?—
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?*Cre.* Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.*Pan.* To do what? to do what?—let her say what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er
be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia!—
hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man,
let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*One knocks.*]

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o'
the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber;
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha!

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such
thing.—

How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;
[*Knock.*]
I would not for half Troy have you seen here. [*Exeunt.*]

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat
down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there! my lord Æneas? By my troth, I
knew you not: What news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;
It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll
be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late:—What
should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—
Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are aware:
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do you not know of him, but yet fetch him hither;
Go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: There is at hand
 Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
 The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
 Deliver'd to us: and for him forthwith,
 Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
 We must give up to Diomedes' hand
 The lady Cressida.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
 They are at hand, and ready to affect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me!—
 I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
 We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of neighbour
 Pandar

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.*]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? the devil
 take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague
 upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

[*Enter CRESSIDA.*]

Cre. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord?
 gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's that the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am
 above!

Cre. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in: Would thou had'st ne'er
 been born! I knew thou would'st be his death:—O poor
 gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees,
 I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone;
 thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy father,
 and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be
 his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal good!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep——

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised
cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before PANDARUS' House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DIOMEDES, &c.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest there offering to it his own heart.

[*Exit TROILUS.*]

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you walk in my lords.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV. *An Apartment in PANDARUS' House.**Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.**Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
 The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
 And violenteth in a sense as strong
 As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
 If I could temporize it with my affection,
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my grief:
 My love admits no qualifying dross;
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

*Enter TROILUS.**Pan.* Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!*Cre.* O Troilus! Troilus!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,—

——*o heart, o heavy heart,*

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
 That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which
 Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy?*Pan.* Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.*Cre.* And is it true that I must go from Troy?*Troi.* A hateful truth.*Cre.* What, and from Troilus too?*Troi.* From Troy, and Troilus.*Cre.* Is it possible?*Troi.* And suddenly; where injury of chance

Puts back leave-taking; jostles roughly by
 All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
 Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
 Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows,
 Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
 We two, that with so many thousand sighs
 Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
 With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
 Injurious Time now, with a robber's haste,
 Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
 With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
 Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
 Bid them have patience; he shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
 Or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Cre. I must then to the Grecians?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woful Cressid' mongst the merry Greeks!—
 When shall we see again?

Troi. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart—

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
 For it is parting from us:—
 I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
 For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
 That there's no maculation in thy heart;
 But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
 My sequent protestation; *be thou true*,
 And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
 As infinite as imminent! but, *I'll be true*.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this
 sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian centinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, *be true!*

Cre. O heavens!—be true, again!

Troi. Hear why I speak it, love; The Grecian youths
Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas! a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heavens! you love me not.

Troi. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb discourisive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted!

Cre. Do you think I will?

Troi. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

Troi. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Troi. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cre. My lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare

Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, and DIOMED.

Welcome, fir Diomed! here is the lady,
Whom for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to your hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my suit: And know you, lord.
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Troi. Come, to the port—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk;
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt. TROILUS and CRESSID. Sound Trumpet.*]

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!

The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.

Dio. Let us make ready straight.

Aene. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day ly
On his fair worth, and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AJAX arm'd, AGAMEMNON. ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax! that the appalled air
May pierce the head of thy great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, 'till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but yet early days.

Aga. Is not yon Diomed, with Chalchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on his toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED and CRESSIDA.

Aga. Is this the lady Cressida?

Dio. Even she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular ;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel : I'll begin. —
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady :
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now :
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment ;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns !
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns !

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss ;—this, mine :
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim !

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir :—Lady, by your leave.

Cre. In kissing, do you render or receive ?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give :
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You're an odd man ; give even or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady ? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not ; for you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'the head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

Cre. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cre. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word ;—I'll bring you to your father.

[DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her !

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, those encounters, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the table of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader ! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

[*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojan's trumpet !

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, ÆNEAS, TROILUS, &c. *with Attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all the states of Greece ! What shall be
done to him

That victory commands ? Or do you propose,
A victor shall be known ? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other ; or shall they be divided
By any voice and order of the field ?
Hector bade ask.

Aga. Which way would Hector have it ?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like Hector ; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name ?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles ; But, whate'er, know this ;--
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector ;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood ;
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home :

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Aga. Here is fir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty;
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight.*

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Troi. Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee!

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

[*Trumpets cease.*

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hec. Why then, will I no more:—
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
 A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
 'The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
 Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojain so,
 That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
 Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member
 Wherein my sword hath not impressure made
 Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus:—
 Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy death.

Hec. Not Neoptolimus so mirable
 (On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes!
 Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself
 A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Ane. There is expectance here from both the sides,
 What further ye will do.

Hec. We'll answer it;
 The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success
 (As feld' I have the chance), I would desire
 My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
 Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hec. Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me;
 And signify this loving interview
 To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hec. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of every heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hec. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Aga. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[To TROILUS.]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greet-
ing;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hec. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hec. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hec. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some, my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greek have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;

But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
 I never saw 'till now. I knew thy granfire,
 And once fought with him : he was a soldier good ;
 But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
 Never like thee : Let an old man embrace thee ;
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hec. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with Time :—
 Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
 As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hec. I would they could.

Nest. Ha ! by this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome ! I have seen the time——

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
 When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hec. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
 Ah ! sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
 Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
 In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :
 My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
 For yonder walls that pertly front your town,
 Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
 Must kiss their own feet.

Hec. I must not believe you :
 There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
 The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
 A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;
 And that old common arbitrator, Time,
 Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
 Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :
 After the general, I beseech you next
 To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses thou !—
 Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;
 I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
 And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would by thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou't read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man!
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, Yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithy'd Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er,——
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or, may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;——
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
'Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?

To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death ;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent,
There in the full convive we : afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent TROILUS and ULYSSES.

Troi. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep ?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus :
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night :
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Troi. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither ?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy ? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence ?

Troi. O, sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord ?
She was lov'd, she lov'd ; she is, and doth :
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. ACHILLES' Tent.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achilles.

I'LL heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Therisites.

Enter THERSITIES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and
idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy: I profit not by thy talk:
thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten
diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, ca tarrhs,
loads o'gravel i'the back, lethargies, cold pallies, raw
eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of
imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i'the palm, incurable
bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-fimple of the tetter, take
and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what
meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous but; you whoreson in-
distinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No; why art thou then exasperate, thou idle im-
material skein of sleeve silk, thou green sarcenet flap for
a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah,
how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies; di-
minutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch, egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersities, help to trim my tent;

This night in banqueting must all be spent.—

Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he hath not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shooting-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be a Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Therites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazer, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits, and fires?

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and DIOMED, with Lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis!

There, where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Aga. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those That go, or tarry.

Aga. Good night. [*Exeunt AGAM. and MENEL.*]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes to Calcha's tent;
I'll keep you company. [*To TROILUS.*]

Troi. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a
most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he
leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend
his mouth, and promise like Brabler, the hound: but
when he performs, astronomers foretell it, it is prodigious,
there will come some change; the sun borrows of
the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather
leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he
keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas his
tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent
varlets! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. CALCHAS' Tent.

Enter DIOMED.

Dio. What, are you up here? ho! speak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. Diomed—

Calchas, I think. Where is your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a Distance; after them
THERSITES.*

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Troi. Cressid come forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now my sweet guardian!—Hark,
A word with you.

[*Whispers,*

Troi. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man

May sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulyss. Lift!

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly,

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are foresworn.—

Cre. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cre. Diomed—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray
you.

Left your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:

You flow to great distraction: come, my lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come,

Troi. I pray you, stay ; by hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee ?

O wither'd truth !

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord ?

Troi. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian !—why, Greek !

Dio. Pho ! pho ! adieu, you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not ; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something ; will you go ?
You will break out.

Troi. She strokes his cheek !

Ulyss. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay ; by Jove, I will not speak a word :
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience :—Stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and
potatoe finger, tickles these together ! Fry, lechery, fry !

Dio. But will you then ?

Cre. In faith I will, la ! never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

[*Exit.*

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, my lord :

I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel ; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge ; now, now, now !

Cre. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Troi. O beauty !

Where is thy faith ?

Ulyss. My lord, —

Troi. I will be patient ; outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve : behold it well.—
He lov'd me.—O false wench !—Giv't me again.

Dio. Whose was't ?

Cre. It is no matter, now I hav't again.

G

I will not meet with you to-morrow-night :

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens ;—Well said, whetstone !

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this ?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O, all you gods !—O pretty, pretty pledge !

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee, and me ; and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,

As I kiss thee—Nay, do not snatch it from me ;

He that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, Diomed : 'faith you shall not ;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this : Whose was it ?

Cre. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was ?

Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it ?

Cre. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm ;
And grieve his spirit that dare not challenge it.

Troi. Wer't thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past ;—And yet it is not,
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell ;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cre. You shall not go :—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto : but that that likes not you,
Pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come ? the hour ?

Cre. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do, come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell 'till then.

[*Exit.*

Cre. Good-night. I pr'ythee, come.
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.—
Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[*Exit.*

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she say, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Troi. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure, she was.

Troi. Why my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme.
For depravation—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can foil our
mothers?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Troi. This she! no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she ;
 If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
 If sanctimony be the god's delight,
 If there be rule in unity itself,
 This is not she. O madness of discourse,
 That cause sets up with and against itself !
 Bi-fold authority ! where reason can revolt
 Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
 Without revolt ; this is, and is not Cressid !
 Within my soul there doth commence a fight
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
 Divides far wider than the sky and earth ;
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 Admits no orifice, for a point as subtle
 As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.
 Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's gates ;
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven :
 Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself ;
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd ;
 And with another knot five-finger-tied,
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
 Of her over eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss May worthy Troilus be half-attach'd
 With that which here his passion doth express !

Troi. Ay, Greek ; and that shall be divulged well
 In characters as red as Mars his heart
 Inflam'd with Venus : never did young man fancy
 With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul.
 Hark, Greek !—As much as I do Cressid love,
 So much by weight hate I her Diomed :
 That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm ;
 Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
 My sword should bite it : nor the dreadful spout,
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
 Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, prince—My courteous lord,
adieu:—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILUS ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*]

Ther. 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I
would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode.
Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of
this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond,
than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; it ill
wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning
devil take them! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III. *The Palace of Troy.*

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will sure prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent;

Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true!

Hec. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of fally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hec. Begone, I say, the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hec. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man; mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*]

Hec. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness,
youth;

I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews 'till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hec. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live:

Hect. O! 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fool's play, by heaven, *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Troi. *Hector*, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who should with-hold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars,
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus nor Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourie of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cass. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee.
Fall altogether.

Priam. Come, *Hector*, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream't; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. *Æneas* is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the face of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave

To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you,
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*]

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector !

Look, how thou dy'st ! look, how thy eye turns pale !

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !

Hark, how Troy roars ! how Hecuba cries out !

How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth !

Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,

Like witless anticks, one another meet,

And all cry—Hector ! Hector's dead, O Hector !

Troi. Away !——Away !——

Cas. Farewell. Yet soft ;—Hector, I take my leave :
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim :
Go in, and cheer the town : we'll forth, and fight ;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell : The gods with safety stand about
thee ! [*Exit PRIAM. Alarum.*]

Troi. They are at it, hark ! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord ? do you hear ?

Troi. What now ?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson phthisick, a whoreson rascally phthisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl : and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days : And I have a rheum in my eyes too ; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there ?

Troi. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart ;

[*Tearing the Letter.*

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds ;

But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Troi. Hence, broker lacquey !—ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Between Troy and the Camp.*

[*Alarum.*] Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another ; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy, doting, foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy, there, in his helm : I would fain see them meet ; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor ; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry :—They set me up, in policy, that mungrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles : and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day ; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft ! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMED and TROILUS.

Troi. Fly not ; for should'st thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost mis-call retire :

I do not fly ; but advantageous care

Withdrew me from the odds multitude :

Have at thee.

[*They go off fighting*

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! now for thy whore,
Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou Greek? art thou for Hector's
match?

Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave;
a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy that thou wilt believe me! But a
plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become
of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallow'd one
another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a fort,
lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Between Troy and the Camp.*

Enter DIOMED and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Aga. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Magarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wife, waving his beam
Upon the palshed corpes of the kings
Ephistrophus Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
Aphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now there he fights on Galathea his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled skulls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mover's swath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowly blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handleless, hack'd and chip'd come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus!

[*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV. *Another Part of the Field.**Re-enter AJAX.**Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head?*Enter DIOMED.**Dio.* Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?*Ajax.* What would'st thou?*Dio.* I would correct him.*Ajax.* Were I the general, thou should'st have my office,
Ere that correction: Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!*Enter TROILUS.**Troi.* O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou
traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!*Dio.* Ha! art thou there?*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone; stand, Diomed.*Dio.* He is my prize, I will not look upon.*Troi.* Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you
both. *[Exeunt fighting.]**Enter HECTOR.**Hect.* Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest
brother!*Enter ACHILLUS.**Achil.* Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hec-
tor.*Hect.* Pause if thou wilt.*[Fight.]**Achil.* I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
'Till when, go seek thy fortune.*Hect.* Fare thee well:—I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?



Pages del.

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Re-enter TROILUS.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly
mark;—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll crush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exit.

SCENE VII. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter ACHILLES with MYRMIDONS.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say,—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceeding eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. *The same.*

Enter THERSITES, MENELAUS, and PARIS.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it:
Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my
double-hen'd sparrow! 'loo, Paris, loo! The bull has
the game:—'ware horns, ho!

[Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the sun of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword: thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

Enter ACHILLES and his MYRMIDONS.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the veil and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.

[*HECTOR fall.*]

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,

Achilles bath the mighty Hector slain.

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

My half-slept sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
 Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exeunt.
 Sound Retreat. Shout.]

SCENE X. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,
 DIOMEDES, and the rest, marching.

Aga. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
 Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along:—Let one be sent,
 To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
 If in his death the gods have us befriended,
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE XI. *The same.*

Enter ÆNEAS, and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
 Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Troi. Hector is slain.

All. Hector!—the gods forbid!

Troi. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
 In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
 Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
 Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
 I say, at once! let your brief plagues be mercy,
 And linger not our sure destruction on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:
 I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
 But dare all imminence, that gods and men
 Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
 Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
 Let him, that will a screech-owl eye be call'd,

Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead!
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
 Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
 Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
 Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
 Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-siz'd
 coward!

No space of earth shall funder our two hates;
 I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
 Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go;
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS, &c.]

Enter PANDARUS

Pan. Do you hear; my lord; do you hear?

Troi. Hence, broker lacquey! ignomy and shame
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exit.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—
 Oh, world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd!
 O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are they set a work,
 and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so
 lov'd, and the performance so loath'd? what verve for it?
 what instance for it?—let me see:—

Full merrily the humble bee doth sing,
 'Till he hath lost his honey and his sting:

But being once subdu'd in armed tail,

Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,

Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:

Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,

Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

Brethren and sisters, of the hold-door trade,

Some two months hence my will shall here be made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this—

Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:

'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;

And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]

THE END.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

BASSANIUS, *Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

MARCUS,
QUINTUS,
LUCIUS,
MUTIUS, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus the Tribune, and Nephew to Titus Andronicus.*

SEMPRONIUS.

ALARBUS,
CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS, } *Sons to Tamora.*

AARON, *a Moor, belov'd by Tamora.*
Captain from Titus's Camp.

ÆMILIUS, *a Messenger.*

Goths and Romans.

Clown.

W O M E N.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Rome; and the Country near it.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

A C T I.

S C E N E I. *Before the Capitol in Rome.*

*Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate.
Then enter SATURNINUS and his Followers at one Door;
and BASSANIUS and his Followers at the other; with
Drum and Colours.*

Saturninus.

NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bass. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my
right,—
If ever Bassanius, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the Crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery!
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand

A special party, have, by common voice,
 In election for the Roman empery,
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
 For many good and great deserts to Rome :
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within the city walls :
 He by the Senate is accited home,
 From weary war against the barbarous Goths ;
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train up in arms.
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
 Our enemies' pride : Five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field ;——

And now, at last, laden with honour's spoils,
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Kenowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
 Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,——
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts !

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
 In thy uprightness and integrity.
 And so I love and honour thee, and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
 And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ;
 And to the love and favour of my country
 Commit myself, my person and the cause :

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[They go into the Senate House.]

S C E N E II.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Romans, make way; the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and Trumpets, and then enter MUTIUS and MARCUS: after them, two men bearing a Coffin cover'd with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, the Queen of Goths, ALARBUS, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, with AARON the Moor, Prisoners; Soldiers, and other Attendants. They set down the Coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome! victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo! as the bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou, great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
Those that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial among their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the Tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead were wont,
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
 That we may hue his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum, sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthly prison of their bones;
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives;
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Lam. Stay, Roman brethren,—Gracious conqueror,
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion for her son:
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 O, think my son to be as dear to me.
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
 To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
 Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke?
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 O! if to fight for king and common-weal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these;
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood;
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful:
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
 Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-borne son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
 Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd ; and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him ! and make a fire straight ;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt MUTIUS, MARCUS, QUINTUS, and
LUCIUS, with ALARBUS.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety !

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest ; and we survive

To tremble under Titus' threatening look.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd ; but hope withal,

The self-same gods that arm'd the queen of Troy,

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Tracian tyrant in his tent,

May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths

(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen),

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter MUTIUS, MARCUS, QUINTUS, and LUCIUS.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our Roman rites : Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd ;

And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,

Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky,

Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,

And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so ; and let Andronicus

Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Then sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here my sons ;

Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !

Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells ;

Here grow no damn'd grudges ; here no storm,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep :

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here my sons !

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;

My noble lord and father live in fame !
 Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
 I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;
 And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
 Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :
 O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
 Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud !

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
 The cordial of mine age, to glad my heart ! —
 Lavinia, live ; out live thy father's days,
 And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
 Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thangs, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus,

Mar. And welcome nephews, from successful wars,
 You that survive, and you that sleep in fame :
 Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
 That in your country's service drew your swords ;
 But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
 That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
 And triumph's over chance, in honour's bed. —
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
 Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
 This palliament of white and spotless hue ;
 And name thee in election for their empire,
 With these our late-deceased emperor's sons :
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
 Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness :
 What ! should I don this robe, and trouble you ?
 Be chose with proclamations to-day ;
 To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all ?
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully ;
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country ;

Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.—

Sat. Romans, do me right;

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not,
'Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—

Andronicus, 'would thou were ship'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of my people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturninus! interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!—

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die:
My faction, if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Mar. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept who he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*
[*A long flourish, till they come down.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
 And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
 And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
 Thy name, and honourable family,
 Lavinia will I make my emperess,
 Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
 And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :
 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and, in this match,
 I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :
 And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
 King and commander of our common-weal,
 The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
 How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
 Rome shall record ; and, when I do forget
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,
 Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor.
[To TAMORA.]

To him, that for your honour and your state,
 Will use you nobly, and your followers,

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew.
 Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance ;
 Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
 Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent
 Daunt all your hopes : Madam, he comforts you,
 Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
 Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

Lav. Not I, my lord ; fith true nobility
 Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go :

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free ;
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing LAVINIA.*]

Tit. How, sir ? Are you in earnest then my lord ?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus : and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb shew.*]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's guard ?
Treason, my lord ! Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd ! By whom ?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exit BASSANIUS and LAVINIA.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What ! villain boy,
Barr'st me my way in Rome ? [TITUS kills MUT.]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help !

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so ;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Not thou, nor he, or any sons of mine ;
My sons would never so dishonour me :
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will ; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not.
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once ;
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of
But Saturnine ? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous ! what reproachful words are these ?

Sat. But go thy ways ; go, give that changing piece,
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword ;
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mong her nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice ?
And here I swear by all the Romans Gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stands,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome.
Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead, espous'd, my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon : Lords accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :
There shall we consummate our spousal rites. [*Exeunt.*

Manet TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride ;
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs ?

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and
MARCUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O see, what thou hast done !
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes:
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified;
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:
Bury him where you can he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

[*TITUS' Sons speak.*

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spoke that word?

[*TITUS' Sons speak.*

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, for in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtues nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—

The dismallest day is this, that ere I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[They put him in the Tomb.]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
friends,

'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb:—

[They all kneel and say:]

No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—
How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome!

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
If by device, or, the heavens can tell;
Is she not then beholden to the man
That bought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter the Emperor, TAMORA, CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS, with AARON the Moor, at one Door: At
the other Door, BASSIANUS and LAVINIA, with others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more.
Nor with no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love; and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,

Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
 Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
 By all the duties which I owe to Rome,
 This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
 Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
 That in the rescue of Lavinia,
 With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
 In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
 To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
 Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
 That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
 A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
 'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
 Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
 How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
 Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
 Then hear me speak, indifferently for all;
 And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
 And basely put it up without revenge;

Tam. Not so, my lord: The gods of Rome forefend,
 I should be authour to dishonour you;
 But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
 For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
 Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
 Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
 Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
 Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart.—

[*Aside to SATURNINUS.*

[My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
 Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
 You are but newly planted in your throne;
 Lest then the people, and patricians too,
 Upon a just survey, take Titus's part;
 And so supplant us for ingratitude
 (Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)
 Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
 I'll find a day to massacre them all,

And raze their faction, and their family,
 The cruel father and his traiterous sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
 And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
 Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.]—
 Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise Titus, rise; my emprefs hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
 These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
 A Roman now adopted happily,
 And must advise the emperor for his good.
 This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
 And let it be mine honour good my lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
 For you, prince Bassianus, I have past
 My word and promise to the emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable.—
 And fear not lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
 By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
 That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
 Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends;
 The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
 I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
 And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
 I do remit the young men's heinous faults.
 Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
 I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
 I would not part a batchelor from the priest.
 Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:—
This day shall be a lovely day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an' it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I. *Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON alone.

Aaron.

NOW clymbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine
And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

B

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two,
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs!—These lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Chi. Not I; 'till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,

This petty brabble will undo us all.
 Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
 It is to jut upon a prince's right?
 What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
 Or Bassianus so degenerate,
 That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
 Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
 Young lords, beware!—an' should the empress know
 This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
 I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
 choice :

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know you not, in Rome
 How furious and impatient they be,
 And cannot brook competitors in love?
 I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
 By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
 To achieve her I do love.

Aar. To achieve her?—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
 She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore may be won;
 She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
 What, man! more water glideth by the mill
 Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
 Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
 Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to court
 it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
 What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
 And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
 Would serve your turns. B 2

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Chi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our emperess, with her sacred wit,
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns:
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Den. Sit fas aut nefas, 'till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Stygia, per Manes vehor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to a Forest.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS and his three Sons, with
Hounds and Horns, and MARCUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morning is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor, and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince ; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully :
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Here a cry of Hounds, and Wind Horns in a Peal: then
enter* SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LA-
VINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and their Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ;—
Madam, to you as many and as good !—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, no ;
I have been broad awake two hours or more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport :—Madam, now ye shall see
Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.]

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III. *A desert part of the Forest.**Enter AARON alone.*

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
 To bury so much gold under a tree,
 And never after to inherit it.
 Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
 Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
 Which, cunningly effected, will beget
 A very excellent piece of villany:
 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
 That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
 When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
 The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
 The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
 Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
 And—after conflict such as was suppos'd
 The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
 Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullably, to bring her babe asleep.

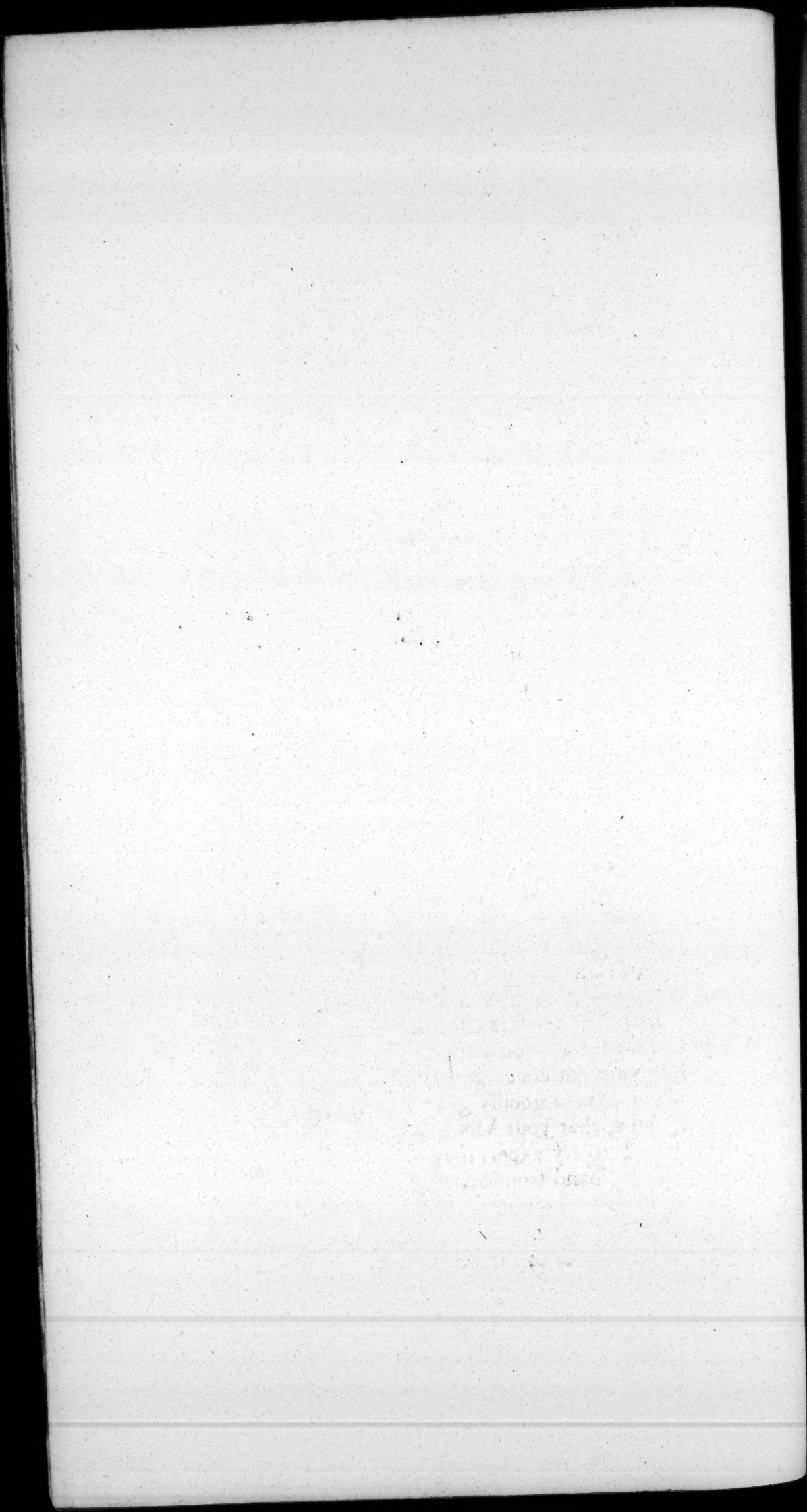
Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine:
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudly melancholy?
 My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll



Bayes del.

Taylor sc.

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To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark Tamora,—the emperess of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—
Now question me no more, we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah! my sweet Moor! sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great emperess, Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal emperess,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controuller of our private steps?
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Acteon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle emperess,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled fourth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,

B 4

Spotted, detested, and abominable.
 Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
 Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
 And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
 Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
 If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
 Great reason that my noble lord be rated
 For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
 And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
 This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Baf. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
 Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
 mother,

Why does your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
 A barren and detested vale, you see it is:

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.

Here never shines the sun: here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me, they would bind me here
 Unto the body of a dismal yew;

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me foul adulterers,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 And, had you not by wonderous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed:
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

Chi. And this for me struck home to shew my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness:
 And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An' if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
 Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—
 Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dam. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory,
 To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
 As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
 O, do not teach her wrath; she taught it thee:
 The milk, thou suck'st from her, did turn to marble;
 Even at thy teat thou had'st thy tyranny.—

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
 Do thou entreat her shew a woman pity. [To CHIRON.

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard (O could I find it now!)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O! be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had'st thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless:—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice:
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore away with her, use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me
go,

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eyes may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away; for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace! no womanhood! A beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth,—Bring thou her husband; *Dragging off* LAVINIA.

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*]

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure:
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflow'r. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS, *and* MARCUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My fight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MARCUS falls into the pit.*]

Quin. What, art thou fall'n? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with thy fall?

Mar. O brother with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them
here;

That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit* AARON.]

Mar. Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surpris'd with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
Mine heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone ; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise !
O, tell me how it is ; for ne'er 'till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he ?

Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
And shews the ragged entrails of this pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more ; I will not lose again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below ;
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

Enter the Emperor and AARON.

Sat. Along with me :—I'll see what hole is here
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mar. The unhappy son of old Andronicus ;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chace;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We not where you left him all alive,
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; ANDRONICUS, and
LUCIUS.*

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy:
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold,
In pleasing smiles, such murderous tyranny.

[She giveth SAT. a Letter.]

SATURNINUS reads the Letter.

*An' if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman—Bassianus 'tis we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Shewing it.]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have bereft my brother of his life:— *[To TIT.]*
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit ! O wond'rous thing !
How easily murder is discovered !

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of mine accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be proved in them—

Sat. If it be prov'd ! you see it is apparent. —
Who found this letter ? *Tamora*, was it you ?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord : yet let me be their bail :
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them : see thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers :
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain :
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king ;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come ; stay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V.

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA ravished ; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an' if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hands to wash ;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI.*]

Enter MARCUS *to* LAVINIA.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word: Where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hand
Have lopp'd, and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosy lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath,
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflow'ed thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,—
Yet doth thy cheeks look red as Titian's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That better could have sew'd than Philomel.
O had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or, had he had heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made;

He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep;
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
 O could our morning ease thy misery! [Exeunt.

A C T. III.

S C E N E I. *A Street in Rome.*

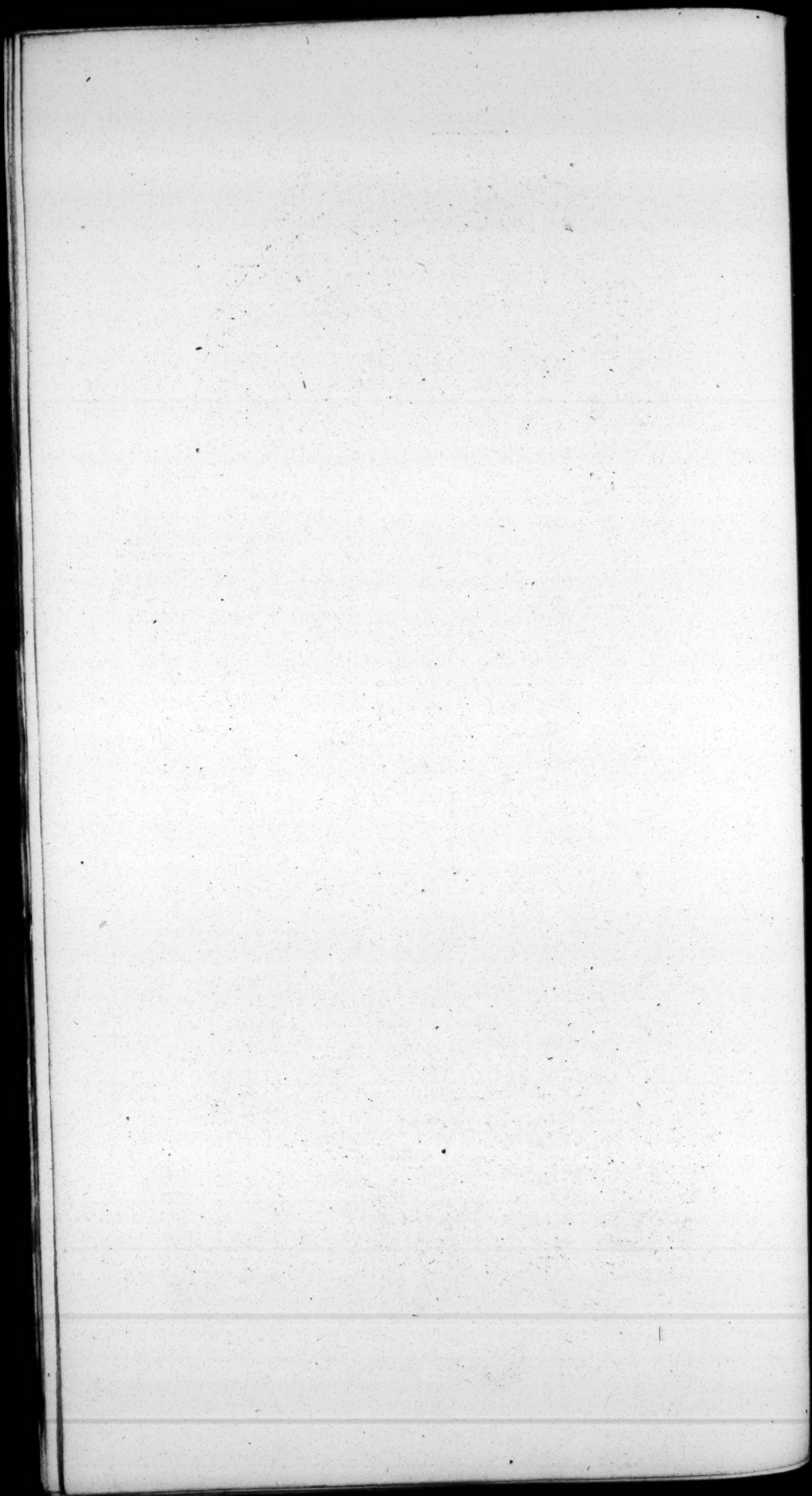
Enter the Judges and Senators, with MARCUS, and QUINTUS bound, passing on the Stage to the place of Execution; and TITUS going before, pleading.

Titus.

HEAR me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
 And for these bitter tears, which you now see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought!
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[ANDRONICUS lies down, and the Judges pass by him.
 For these, these, tribunes in the dust I write
 My heart's deep langour, and my soul's sad tears.
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
 My son's sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
 O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [Exeunt.
 That shall distill from these two ancient urns,
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,





And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood,

Enter LUCIUS with his Sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain,
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead —
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
All bootless unto them, they would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tygers;
Tygers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

C

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep ;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break ;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me ? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me ! this object kills me !

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her :—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handleless in thy father's sight ?
What fool hath added water to the sea ?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy ?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds. —
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use :
Now, all the service I require of them,
Is, that the one will help to cut the other. —
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage ;
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet vary'd notes, enchanting every ear !

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself ; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer ; and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead :
For now, I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge

Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes :
 But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
 Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have maddened me : What shall I do,
 Now I behold thy lovely body so ?
 Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears ;
 Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
 Thy husband he is dead ; and, for his death,
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this :—
 Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her
 husband :

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—

Gentle Lavinia let me kiss thy lips ;

Or make some signs how I may do thee ease.

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,

And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain ;

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks

How they are stain'd ; like meadows, yet not dry

With miry slime left on them by a flood ?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,

'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,

And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?

What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,

Plot some device of further misery,

To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for at your grief,
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece :—good Titus, dry thine
eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her signs :
Had she a tongue to speak, now she would say
That to her brother which I said to thee ;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this !
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king : he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive ;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor ! O, gentle Aaron !
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand :
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turn :
My youth can better spare my blood than you ;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemies' castle ?
O, none of both but are of high desert :
My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve

To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die, before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both ;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give the mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere here half an hour pass. [*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off TITUS's Hand.*]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS again.

Tit. Now stay your strife ; what shall be, is dispatch'd.

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand ;

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it ;

More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchased at an easy price ;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus ; and for thy hand,

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee :—

Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villany

[*Aside.*]

Doth sat me with the very thought of it ?

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*]

Tit. O hear !—I lift this one hand up to heaven, C 3

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
 If any power pities wretched tears,
 To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[To LAVINIA.

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
 Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
 And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
 When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother speak with possibilities,
 And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
 Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
 Then into limits could I bind my woes:
 When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
 If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad?
 Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swol'n face?
 And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
 I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
 She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
 Then must my sea be mov'd with her sighs;
 Then must my earth with her continual tears
 Become a deluge, overflow'd, and drown'd:
 For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
 They give me leave; for losers will have leave
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, bringing in two Heads and a Hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
 For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
 And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
 Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
 More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
 These miseries are more than may be borne!

To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow floued at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*]

Mar. Alas! poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I controul thy griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand

Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight

The closing up of your most wretched eyes!

Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed:

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

And would usurp upon my watry eyes;

And make them blind with tributary tears;

Then which way shall I find revenge's cave;

For these two heads do seem to speak to me;

And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,

'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,

Even in their throats that have committed them.

Come, let me see what task I have to do —

You heavy people, circle me about,

That I may turn me to each one of you,

And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.

The vow is made. — Come brother, take a head;

And in this hand, the other will I bear;

Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;

Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do. [Exeunt.

Manet LUCIUS.

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
 The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
 Farewell, proud Rome! 'till Lucius comes again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
 O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
 But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
 But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
 And make proud Saturninus and his empress
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

SCENE II. *An Apartment in TITUS's House.*

A Banquet. Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS, a boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot;
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down. —

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[To LAVINIA]

When thy poor heart beats with outrages beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
 May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in seal-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
 Such violent hands upon her tender life

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee doat already!

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.

What violent hands can she lay on her life?

Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,

How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;—

Lest we remember still, that we have none.—

Fye, fye, how frantically I square my talk!

As if we should forget we had no hands,

If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—

Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—

Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—

She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,

Drew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,

As begging hermits in their holy prayers:

Thou shalt not sigh; nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

But I of these will wrest an alphabet,

And, by still practice, learn to know the meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments;

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas! the tender boy in passion mov'd,

Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[MARCUS strikes the Dish with a Knife.]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord ; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st my heart ;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother ; Get thee gone !
I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas ! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother !
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air ?
Poor harmless fly !
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry ; and thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir ; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the emperess' Moor ; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O ! O ! O !

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,

Come hither purposely to poison me, —

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

Ah, firrah ? — yet I think we are not brought so low,

But that, between us, we can kill a fly,

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away, — Lavinia, go with me :

I'll to my closet ; and go read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old. —

Come, boy, and go with me ? thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

S C E N E I. *Titus's House.*

Enter young LUCIUS, and LAVINIA running after him; and the Boy flies from her, with his Books under his Arm. Enter TITUS and MARCUS.

Boy.

HELP, grandfire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ah! when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean:—

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit of frenzy do possess her:

For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,

Extremity of grief would make men mad:

And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;

Causeless, perchance: But pardon me, sweet aunt:

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see:—

Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.—
 But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
 Come, and take choice of all my library,
 And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heavens
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
 Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think she means that there was more than one
 Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was:—
 Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*;
 My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
 Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! soft! how busily she turns the leaves!
 Help her: What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
 This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
 And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
 And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes the
 leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wer't thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
 Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
 Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
 See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
 (O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
 Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
 By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
 Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl;—for here are none but
 friends,—
 What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
 Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
 That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down by
 me.—
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
 Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—

My lord, look here ;—look here, Lavinia :

[He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides it with his Feet and Mouth.]

This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us thus to shift !
Write thou, good niece ; and here display at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge :
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth !

[She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides it with her Stumps, and writes.]

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ ?

Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what !—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this hateful bloody deed ?

Tit. — *Magne Dominator Poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?*

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord ! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaim.
My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus swear for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach,

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an' you knew how,
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware :
The dam will wake, and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him while she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,

And lay it by : the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, 'an if I live,

Tit. Come, go with me into my armory;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the emperors' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandfire.

Tit. No, no, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another
course.

Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;

Ay, marry, will we sir; and we'll be waited on. [*Exeunt.*]

Mar. O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassionate him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to the Palace.*

*Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one Door:
and at another Door, young LUCIUS, and another, with
a Bundle of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods confound you both. [*Aside.*]

Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,

[Exit.

Integer vitæ, scerelisque purus,

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace ; I know it well :

Aar. Ay, juſt;--a verſe in Horace;--right, you have it,

Now, what a thing it is to be an afs !

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with
lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick. *Aside.*

But were our witty emperesss well a-foot,

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest a-while

And now, young lords, wasn't not a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate,

To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord

Basely insinuate, and fend us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to say, amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er.

[*Aside.* Flourish.

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-Moor Child.

Nur. Good-morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all.
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our emperess' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean she is brought to-bed.

Aar. Well, God

Give her good rest! what hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue;
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The emperess sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal.
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blouse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou
Can't not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance; and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend?

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What; must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up;
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scymetars's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what! ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs;
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.—
Tell the emperess from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My Mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre, all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fye, treacherous hue ! that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart !
 Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer :
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father ;
 As who should say, *Old lad, I am thy own.*
 He is your brother, lord ; sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you :
 And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
 He is enfranchis'd to come to light :
 Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seal is stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the emperess ?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice ;
 Save you the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
 My son and I will have the wind of you :
 Keep there : Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[They sit on the Ground.]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aar. Why so, brave lords : When we all join in league,
 I am a lamb : but if you brave the Moor,
 The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
 The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
 But, say again, how many saw the child ?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
 And no one else, but the deliver'd emperess.

Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself :—
 Two may keep counsel, when the third's away :
 Go o the emperess ; tell her this I said :—

[He kills her.]

Weke, weke !—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? Wherefore did'st
 thou this ?

Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy :
 Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?
 A long-tongu'd babbling gossip ? no, lords, no.
 And now be it known to you my full intent.
 Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
 His wife but yesternight was brought to-bed ;
 His child is like to her, fair as you are ;

Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
 And tell them both the circumstance of all;
 And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
 And be received for the emperor's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calm this tempest whirling in the court:
 And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, my lords; ye see I have given her physic.
 [*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air.
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
 Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
 There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
 And secretly to greet the emperess' friends.—
 Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence;
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
 I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
 To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Street near the Palace.*

Enter TITUS, old MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other
 Gentlemen with Bows; and TITUS bears the Arrows,
 with Letters on the Ends of them.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:
 Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
 Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astrea reliquit.—be you remember'd, Marcus.—
 She's gone, she's fled.—Sirs, take you to your tools.
 You, cousins, shall go found the ocean, D 2

And cast your nets ; haply, your may find her in the sea ;
Yet there's as little justice as at land :—

No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth ;

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you, deliver him this petition :

Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid ;

And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—

Ah, Rome !—Well, well ; I made thee miserable,

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—

Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd ;

This wicked emperor may have ship'd her hence,

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully ;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now ? how now, my masters,
What, have you met with her ?

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall :
Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you needs must stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we ;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size ;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back ;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more then our backs can bear:—

And fith there is no justice in earth or hell,
 We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
 To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
 Come, to this gear. You are a good archer Marcus.

[*He gives them the Arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*;—

Ad Martem, that's for myself;—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here to Mercury:—

To Saturn, and to Cœlus; not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:

O, my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride:

Tit. Now, masters, draw [*They shoot.*] O, well said,
 Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap, give it to Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord; when Publius shot,

The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock

That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;

And who should find them but the emperess' villain?

She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a Basket and two Pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath
 taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd
 till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank
 with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier? D 3

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, fir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, fir, I never came there; God forbid, I should be so bold to prefs to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Mar. Why, fir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, fir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor.

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges. Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, fir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot: then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, fir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, fir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—

And when thou hast given it the emperor,

Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, fir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go: Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*

Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two Sons; the Emperor brings the Arrows in his Hand, that TITUS shot.

Sar. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus over-borne,
 Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
 Of legal justice, us'd in such contempt?
 My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
 However the disturbers of our peace
 Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath past,
 But even with law, against the wilful sons
 Of old Andronicus. And what an' if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
 This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
 Sweet scrolls, to fly about the streets of Rome!
 What's this, but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice every where?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who should say, in Rome no justice were.
 But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut of the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, most lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scar'd his heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
 For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become [*Aside.*
 High-witted Tamora to glose with all:
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.——

Enter Clown.

How now, good-fellow? wouldst thou speak with us?

Clown. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Emperers I am, but yonder sits the emperor. D 4

Clown. 'Tis he. — God and saint Stephen give you good den :

I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here.

[*The Emperor reads the letter.*]

Sat. Go take him away and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, firrah, you must be hang'd.

Clown. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end.

[*Exit.*]

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be borne? — as if his traiterous sons,

That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege: —

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords: Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power

Of high-resolv'd men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head

As flowers with frost, or grass beaten down with storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:

'Tis he, the common people love so much;

Myself have often over-heard them say

(When I have walked like a private man),

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know thou, emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish or honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wound with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ears and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador: [*To ÆMILIUS.*
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand no hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

SCENE I. *The Camp, at a small Distance from Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS and Goths, with Drum and Soldiers.

Lucius.

APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rom
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,

And how desirous of our sight they are.
 Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
 Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
 And, wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
 Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
 Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
 Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
 Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
 Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
 Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
 Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
 And be aveng'd on curs'd Tamora.

Omn. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
 But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his Arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
 To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
 And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
 Upon the wasted building, suddenly
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
 I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
 The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the emperess' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
 This is the pearl that pleased your emperess' eye.

And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou corvey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What? deaf? No! not a word?
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good —
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A fight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the emperess.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more: But vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An' if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no gods;
That granted, how can'st thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;
To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god see'er it be,

That thou ador'st and has in reverence,——
To save my boy, nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God, I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the emperess.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands off, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and
'twas.

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was the tutor to instruct them:

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—

Well, let my deeds be witness to my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corps of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons:

And, what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:

And when I told the emperess of this sport,

She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,

And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
 Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
 Few come within the compass of my curse),
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
 As kill a man, or else devise his death;
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself:
 Set deadly enmity between two friends;
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Even when the sorrow almost was forgot;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carv'd in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
 So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If their be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire;
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue?

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
 The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house;
 Willing you to demand your hostages,
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *TITUS's Palace in Rome.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus:
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*The knock, and TITUS opens his Study Door.*]

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with
me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud emperess, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora:
She is thy enemy and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;

Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them, on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide two proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel,
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder: therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the emperers' sons they are!
And you, the emperers! But we worldly men,
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit. TITUS from above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in his mad thought,

I'll make him send for Lucius his son ;
 And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
 I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
 To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
 Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
 See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee :
 Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house ;
 Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too :—
 How like the emperess and her sons you are !
 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :—
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?—
 For, well I wot, the emperess never wags,
 But in her company there is a Moor ;
 And, would you represent our queen aright,
 It were convenient you had such a devil :
 But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain, that hath done a rape,
 And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;
 And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
 Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.—
 Go thou with him ; and, when it is thy hap,
 To find another that is like to thee,
 Good Rapine, stab him : he is a ravisher.—
 Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
 There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;
 Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
 For up and down she doth resemble thee ;
 I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
 They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.
 But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
 To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
 Who lead towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house ;
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
 I will bring in the emperess and her sons.

The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'Tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths;
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor, and the emperess too,
Fast at my house; and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*to her Sons.*] What say you, boys? will you
abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit TAM.*]

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and Servants.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The emperess' sons
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius:

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valantine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit* TITUS.]

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the emperess' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.--
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS *with a knife, and* LAVINIA *with a Basin.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia: look thy foes are bound:--
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.--
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd,
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'twixt her stumps doth hold
The basin, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad--
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;

And bid that strumpet, your unha low'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
 And now prepare your throats. — Lavinia, come,
 Receive the blood; and, when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet; which I wish might prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.
[He cuts their throats.]
 So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind,
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 'Till he be brought unto the emperor's face,
 For testimony of these foul proceedings:
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
 I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
 And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave! —

[Exeunt Goths, with AARON.]

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. — [Flourish.]

The trumpets shew the emperor is at hand,

E 2

Sound Trumpets. Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one :

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun !

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle ;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordained to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome :

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. *[Hautboys.]*

A Table brought. Enter TITUS, like a Cook, placing the Meat on the Table, and LAVINIA, with a Veil over her Face.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord ; welcome, dread queen ;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths ; welcome, Lucius ;

And welcome, all : although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs ; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus ?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your emperess.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An' if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this ;

Was it well done of rash Virginus,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd ?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason mighty lord ?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

For me, most wretched, to perform the like :

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

[He kills her.]
Sat. What hast thou done unnatural, and unkind !

Tit. Kill'st her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woeful as Virginius was :
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage :—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness
feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius :
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye ;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*He stabs TAMORA.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*He stabs TITUS.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed ?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

LUCIUS stabs SATURNINUS.

Mar. You sad fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herself be bane unto herself ;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend ; as erst our ancestor,

[*To LUCIUS.*

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy ;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,

That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
 My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel ;
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
 And break my very utterance ; even in the time
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration :
 Here is a captain let him tell the tale :
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you
 That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
 Were they that murder'd our emperor's brother ;
 And they it was, that ravished our sister ;
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded ;
 Our father's tears despis'd ; and basely cozen'd
 Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
 And sent her enemies unto the grave.
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend :
 And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood ;
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
 Alas ! you know, I am no vaunter, I ;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But, soft methinks, I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise : O, pardon me ;
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak ; behold this child,
 Of this was Tamora delivered ;
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes ;
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 And as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.

Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
 Have we done aught amiss? shew us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
 And, make a mutual closure of our house.
 Speak, Romans, speak: and, if you say we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand
 Lucius our emperor: for, well I know,
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!
 Go, go, into old Titus' sorrowful house;
 And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
 As punishment for his most wicked life.
 Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans! May I govern so,
 To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
 But, gentle people, give me him a while,—
 For Nature puts me to a heavy task;—
 Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—
 O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses* **TITUS.**

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
 The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kisses for kisses,
 Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
 O, were the sum of these that I should pay
 Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
 To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
 Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
 Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
 In that respect then, like a loving child,
 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,

Because kind nature doth require it so:
 Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
 Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
 Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire! even with all my heart
 'Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
 O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
 My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Romans with AARON.

Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
 Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
 That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
 There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
 If any one relieves or pities him,
 For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
 Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
 I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
 I should repent the evils I have done;
 Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
 Would I perform, if I might have my will:
 If one good deed in all my life I did,
 I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
 And give him burial in his father's grave:
 My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
 Be closed in our household's monument.
 As for that henious tyger, Tamora,
 No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
 No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
 But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
 Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
 See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
 From whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
 Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
 That like events may ne'er it ruin. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

THE END.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

JULIUS CÆSAR,
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, }
 M. ANTONIUS, }
 M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *Triumvirs, after the Death of*
 Julius Cæsar.
 CICERO, }
 PUBLIUS, }
 POPILIUS LENA, } *Senators.*
 BRUTUS, }
 CASSIUS, }
 CASCA, }
 TREBONIUS, }
 LIGARIUS, }
 DECIUS BRUTUS, }
 METELLUS CIMBER, }
 CINNA, }
 FLAVIUS, }
 MARULLUS, } *Tribunes.*
 ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*
A Soothsayer.
 CINNA, *a Poet.*
Another Poet.
 LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *Young CATO, and*
 VOLUMNIUS, Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
 VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DAR-
 DANIUS, Servants to Brutus.
 PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

W O M E N.

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*
 PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*
 Plebeians, Senators, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *for the three first Acts, at Rome: afterwards at an*
 Island near Mutina; at Sardis; and near Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners.

Flavius.

HENCE ; home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday ? What ! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession ?—Speak, what trade art thou ?

Car. Why, fir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule ?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?
You, fir ; what trade are you ?

Cob. Truly, fir, in respect of a fine workman, I am
but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But, what trade art thou ? Answer me di-
rectly.

Cob. A trade, fir, that, I hope, I may use with a
safe conscience ; which is indeed, fir, a mender of bad
soals.

Flav. What trade, thou knave ? thou naughty
knave, what trade ?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, fir, be not out with me :
Yet, if you be out, fir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that ? Mend me, thou
saucy fellow ?

Cob. Why, fir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

Cob. Truly fir, all that I live by is, with the awl : I
meddle with no trade,—man's matters, nor woman's
matters,

matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, fir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, fir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, fir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in his concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*
See,

See, whe'r their basest metal be now mov'd,
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
 This way will I: Disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
 Who else would soar above the view of man,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, for the Course; CALPHURNIA,
 PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS,
 CASCA, a Soothsayer, &c.*

Cæs. Calphurnia, —

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks,

Cæs. Calphurnia, —

Calph. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
 When he doth run his course. — Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
 The barren, touched in this holy chafe,
 Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

A 3

Cæs.

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me ;
I heard a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Cæsar : Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that ?

Bru. A soothfayer, bids you beware of the ides of
March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng : Look upon
Cæsar.

Cæs. What sayst thou to me now ? Speak once
again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him :—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt CÆSAR, and Train.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamefome ; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And shew of love, as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd : If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some foil, perhaps, to my behaviours :
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one) ;
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cæs. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion ;

By

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath bury'd
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout,—then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
people
Choose Cæsar for the king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently :
 For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
 I cannot tell, what you and any other men
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
 Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?—Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber,
 Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man
 Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :
 His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :

Ay,

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cry'd, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.]

Bru. Another general shout !
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world,

Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar : What should be in that Cæsar ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd :
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
When could they say, 'till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
What you would work me to, I have some aim ;

How

How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider ; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear ; and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
 'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;
 Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under such hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
 Have struck but this much shew of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve :
 And he will, after his own fashion, tell you
 What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so :—But, look you, Cassius,
 The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden train :
 Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,
 Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cas. Let me have men about me, that are fat ;
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
 Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
 He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous ;
 He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cas. Would he were fatter :—But I fear him not :
 Yet if my name were liable to fear,
 I do not know the man I should avoid
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;

He

He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
 As thou dost, Antony : he hears no musick :
 Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
 And therefore are they very dangerous.
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
 Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his Train.*]

Manent BRUTUS and CASSIUS : CASCA to them.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; Would you
 speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
 That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca, what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him : and
 being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his
 hand, thus ; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice ; What was the last cry
 for ?

Casca. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,
 every time gentler than other ; and at every putting
 by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner
 of it : it was mere foolery, or I did not mark it. I saw
 Mark Antony offer him a crown ;—yet 'twas not
 a crown

a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets ;—and, as I told you, he put it by once : but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again ; then he put it by again : but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it a third time ; he put it the third time by : and still, as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choak'd Cæsar ; for he swooned, and fell down at it : And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you : What ? did Cæsar swoon ?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like ; he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not ; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that ; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself ?

Casca. Marry before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues : and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cry'd, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts : But there's no heed to be taken of them ; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away ?

Casca.

Casca. Ay,

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so; Farewell both.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—'till then, think of the world.

[Exit BRUTUS.]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble: yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

He

He should not humour me. I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name ; whereon obscurely
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
 And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure ;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Street. Thunder and lightning.*

Enter CASCAS, his sword drawn ; and CICERO, meeting him.

Cic. Good even, Casca : Brought you Cæsar home ?
 Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

Casca. Are you not mov'd, when all the sway of
 earth
 Shakes, like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :
 But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;
 Or else the world, too faucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by
 fight)
 Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn,
 Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides (I have not since put up my sword),
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,
 Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
 Without annoying me : And there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,

Transformed



W. del.

Taylor Sculp.

Published Oct. 1. 1789, by Bellamy & Dobson.

Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural ;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca : this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit CICERO.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this ?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets.
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not,
Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy,

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,

Can

Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
 I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
 Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep:
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O, grief!
 Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman: then I know
 My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to be indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca: and to such a man,
 That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand;
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,
 As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
 To undergo with me an enterprize
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
 And the complexion of the element,
 It favours like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

B

Enter

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait ;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cin. To find out you : Who's that ? Metellus Cimber ?

Cas. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna ?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this !
There's two or three of us have seen strange fights.

Cas. Am I not staid for ? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party——

Cas. Be you content : Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this
In at his window ; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there ?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house : three parts of him
Is ours already ; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. Oh, he fits high in all the people's hearts :
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of
him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight ; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter BRUTUS, in his orchard.

Brutus.

WHAT, Lucius ! ho !——

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

Give guesses how near to day.——Lucius, I say !—

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—

When, Lucius, when ? Awake, I say : what, Lucius !

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord ?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

Bru. It must be by his death : and for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,

But for the general. He would be crown'd :—

How that might change his nature, there's the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;

And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?——

That ;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,

That at his will he may do danger with.

The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

Remorse from power : And, to speak truth of Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd

More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

Whereto the climber-upward turns his face :

But when he once attains the upmost round,

He then unto the ladder turns his back ;

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

By which he did ascend : So Cæsar may ;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities :
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischie-
 vous,
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus seal'd up ; and I am sure,
 It did not lie there, when I went to-bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calender, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome—Speak, strike, redress !

Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake,—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
 Where I have took them up.

*Shall Rome—*Thus must I piece it out ;
 Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? What ! Rome ?
 My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

*Speak, strike, redress !—*Am I entreated
 To speak, and strike ? O Roman ! I make thee promise,
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knocks within.*
Bru.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate ; somebody knocks.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first notion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
The genius, and the moral instruments,
Are then in council ; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone ?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them ?

Luc. No, sir ; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy !
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free ? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none, conspi-
racy ;

Hide it in smiles, and affability :
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS,
and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest :
Good-morrow, Brutus ; Do we trouble you ?

Bru. I have been up this hour ; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you ?

B 3

Cas.

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break
here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth: and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-fighted tyranny range on,
'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,

And

And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be bury'd in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should out-live Cæsar? We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;

Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :
 Far Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
 Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
 We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
 O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
 And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,
 Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
 Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be called purgers, not murderers.
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
 When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him :

For, in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :
 If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
 Is to himself ; take thought, and die for Cæsar :
 And that were much he should ; for he is given
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :
 For he is superstitious grown of late ;
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And

And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'erfway him : for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glassses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says, he does ; being then most flattered.
Let me work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along to him :
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us : We'll leave you,
Brutus :

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember
What you have said, and shew yourselves true Ro-
mans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :
And so, good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

Manet BRUTUS.

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru.

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep:
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise; and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,

By

By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy ; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you : for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle, Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you ? Am I yourself,
But as it were, in sort, or limitation ;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife ;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant, I am a woman ; but withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife :
I grant, I am a woman ; but withal,
A woman well-reputed ; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded ?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them :
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh : Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife ! [*Knock.*
Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows :
Leave me with haste, [*Exit PORTIA.*
Enter

Enter LUCIUS, and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. CÆSAR'S Palace. Thunder and Lightning.

Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to night:

Thrice

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priest do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk
forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things that threaten'd me,

Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid fights seen by the watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

Of

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day,
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this, in shame of cowardice :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible ;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy
Cæsar :

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser :
I will not come to day : Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?

Have

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come :
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognifance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say :
And know it now ; the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

Break up the senate 'till another time,

When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia !

I am

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go :

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too ?
Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock ?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up :—Good-morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within :—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna :—Now, Metellus :—What, Trebonius !
I have an hour's talk in store for you ;
Remember that you call on me to-day :
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will :—and so near will I be,

[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with
me ;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ; come
not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebo-
nius ;

nus ; mark well *Metellus Cimber* : *Decius Brutus* loves thee not ; thou hast wrong'd *Caius Ligarius*. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against *Cæsar*. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you : Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee !

Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till *Cæsar* pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation,
If thou read this, O *Cæsar*, thou may'st live ;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street.*

Enter PORTIA, and LUCIUS.

Por. I pry'thee, boy, run to the senate house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side !
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might,
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !
Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth ; And take good note,
What *Cæsar* doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well :
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,

C

And

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow : Which way hast thou been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

Sooth. Madam, not yet ; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not ?

Sooth. That I have, lady, if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me :
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him ?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear
may chance.

Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will croud a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there,
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in.—Ay me ! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus !
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize !
Sure, the boy heard me :—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint :—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;
Say, I am merry : come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exeunt.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The Street, and then the Capitol; the Senate sitting. Flourish.*

Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ARTEMIDORUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and the Soothsayer.

Cæsar.

THE ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar, but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæf. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæf. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæf. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

[CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.]

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cæf. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cæf. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cæf. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius, or Cæsar, never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

C 2

Bru.

Bru. Cassius, be constant :
 Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;
 For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time ; for look you,
 Brutus,
 He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANT. and TREB.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber ? let him go,
 And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addrest : press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rear your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready ? What is now amiss,
 That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress ?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
 Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [Kneeling
 An humble heart :—

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
 These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
 Might fire the blood of ordinary men ;
 And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
 Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
 To think that Cæsar bears such rebel-blood,
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality
 With that which melteth fools ; I mean sweet words,
 Low-crooked curt'sies ; and base spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banished ;
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
 To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
 For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar ;
 Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus !

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon :
 As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unaffailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me. [*They stab CÆSAR.*

Cæs. Et tu, Brute!—Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing:—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius, lest that the people
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house, amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages
hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most holdest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
 Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;
 And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :
 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
 Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :
 Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him ;
 Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
 If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
 How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead,
 So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
 I never thought him worse.
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,
 Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may ; but yet have I a mind,
 That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar ! Dost thou lie so low ?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.—
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
 Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world,
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die :
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony ! beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As by our hands, and this our present act,
 You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,
 And this the bleeding business they have done :
 Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome
 (As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony.
 Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
 In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
 And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand :
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;
 Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Me-
 tellus ;
 Yours, Cinna ; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebo-
 nius.

Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you most conceit me,
 Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
 That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :

If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave
 hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee—
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
 The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
 But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
 Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
 You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
 And am moreover suitor, that I may
 Produce his body to the market place;
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—

You know not what you do ; Do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral :
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon ;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission ;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here take your Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
And say, you do't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*

Manet ANTONY.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :

Blood

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war ;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming :
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth,——

O Cæsar !—

[*Seeing the Body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big ; get thee apart, and weep.
 Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
 Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
 chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while ;
 Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corse
 Into the market-place : there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
 According to the which thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand. [*Excunt, with CÆSAR's body.*]

SCENE

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS, and CASSIUS, with the Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Plebeians.

BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.

3 *Pleb.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but as he was ambitious, I slew him: There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have

have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him I have offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffer'd death.

Enter MARK ANTONY, &c. with CÆSAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Pleb.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

2 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Pleb.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories: which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, 'till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Pleb.*

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair ;
We'll hear him :—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Pleb.* He says for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

1 *Pleb.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain.
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace ; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do, lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar ! The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest

(For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious :

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that, on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And sure he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?—
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause' till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Pleb.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters?
 I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
 the crown;
 Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
 weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man of Rome, than
 Antony.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men:
 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar:
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
 Let but the commons hear this testament
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will ; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Pleb.* Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony ;
 You shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? will you stay a while ;
 I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men,
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors : Honourable men !

All. The will ! the testament !

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers : the will !
 read the will !

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will ?—
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me shew you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony ;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me : stand far off.

All. Stand back ! room ! bear back !

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle : I remember

The

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent ;
 That day he overcame the Nervii : —
 Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd :
 And as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it ;
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !
 This was the most unkindest cut of all :
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops :
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here !
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Pleb.* O woeful day !

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight !

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd : Revenge : About, —
 Seek, — burn, — fire, — kill, — slay ! — let not a traitor
 live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Pleb.* Peace there : Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
 with him.

D

Ant.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed, are honourable ;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it ; they are wise, and honour-
able ;

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;

I am no orator, as Brutus is :

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend ; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;

Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths !

And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me
speak.

All. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not
what :

Wherein hath Cæsar so deserv'd your loves ?

Alas, you know not :—I must tell you then :—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true ;—the will ;—let's stay, and hear the
will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Pleb.*

2 *Pleb.* Most noble Cæsar!—We'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never:—come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches:

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I strait to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter CINNA the Poet, and after him, the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,

D 2

And

And things unluckily charge my fantasy :
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going?
where do I dwell? am I a married man, or a bachelor?
Then to answer every man directly, and briefly,
wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that
marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed;
directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for
his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck
but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho!
firebrands. To Brutus' and to Cassius', burn all.
Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's, some to
Ligarius: away; go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *On a small Island near Mutina.**Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS.**Antony.*

THESE many then shall die ; their names are prick'd.

Octa. Your brother too must die ; Consent you, Lepidus ?*Lep.* I do consent.*Octa.* Prick him down, Antony.*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.*Ant.* He shall not live ; look, with a spot I damn him.But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house ;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.*Lep.* What, shall I find you here ?*Octa.* Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit LEPIDUS.*]*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands : Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it ?*Octa.* So you thought him ;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you ;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

Like to the empty afs, to fhake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Octa. You may do your will ;
But he's a try'd and valiant foldier.

Ant. So is my horfe, Octavius : and, for that,
I do appoint him ftore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ftop, to run directly on ;
His corporal motion govern'd by my fpirit.
And, in fome tafte, is Lepidus but fo ;
He muft be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :
A barren-fpirited fellow ; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations ;
Which, out of ufe, and ftal'd by other men,
Begin his fafhion : do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Liften great things. Brutus and Caffius
Are levying powers : we muft ftraight make heed :
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our beft friends made, and our beft means ftretch'd
out ;

And let us prefently go fit in council,
How covert matters may be beft difclos'd,
And open perils fureft answered.

Octa. Let us do fo : for we are the flake,
And bay'd about with many enemies :
And fome, that fmile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mifchief. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Before BRUTUS' Tent, in the Camp
near Sardis. Drum.*

*Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, and Soldiers : TITINIUS and
PINDARUS meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho !

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and ftand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ? is Caffius near ?

Luc. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come
To do you falutation from his mafter.

Bru.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;—
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quar-
ter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [March within.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS, and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.

D 4

Bru.

Bru. Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ;

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well :
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle : Bid them move away ;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like ; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The inside of BRUTUS' Tent.*

Enter BRUTUS, and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this :

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

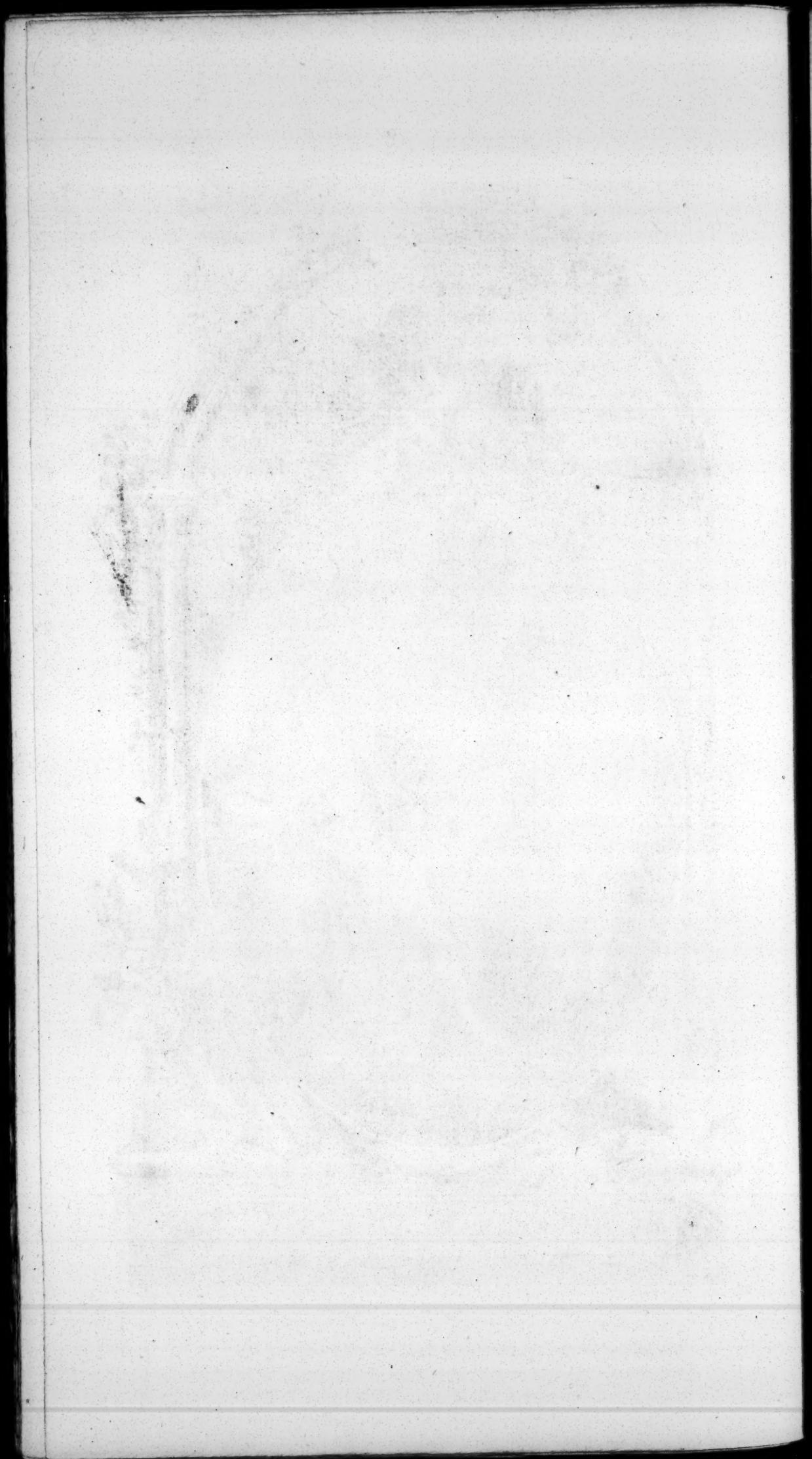
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru.





Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a foldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud
heart break;

Go shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well : For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus ;

I said an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say, better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What ? durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you shall be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me ;
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me : Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not :—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my
heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do ap-
pear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !—

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*A noise within.*]

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals ;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter POET.

Cas. How now ? What's the matter ?

Poet. For shame, you generals ; what do you mean ?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha ; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme !

Bru. Get you hence, firrah ; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time :

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools ?—
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit POET.*]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messela with
you
Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha ! Portia ?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so ?
O insupportable and touching loss !—
Upon what sickness ?

Bru. Impatient of my absence ;
And, grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong ; for with her death
That tidings came ;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so ?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods !

Enter Lucius, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of
wine :—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge :—
Fill, Lucius, 'till the wine o'er-swell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Re-enter Titinius, and Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius :—Welcome, good
Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia ! art thou gone ?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition ?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,

Have

Have put to death a hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that dy'd
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one ?

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her in
yours ?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Mes-
sala :

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you
think

Of marching to Philippi presently ?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This it is :

'Tis better that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to
better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;
For they have grudg'd us contribution :

The

The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encouraged ;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe :
The enemy increaseth every day,
We at the height are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on ; we will along
Ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night :
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Luc.*] Farewell,
good Messala ;—
Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother !
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt.*
Re-enter

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowfily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO, and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your
pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius; here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again:
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[*Musick and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays the musick?—Gentle knave, good night:

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.—

If

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
 I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
 Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
 Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
 I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.
 It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
 Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee:—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
 cry'dst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any
 thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

E

Both.

Both. Did we, my lord ?

Bru. Ay ; Saw you any thing ?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius ;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Octavius.

NOW, Antony, our hopes are answer'd :
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions ;
It proves not so ; their battles are at hand ;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering, before we do demand of them.

Ant. But I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places ; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
But 'tis not so.



Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant shew ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Ocla. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Octa. I do not cross you, but I will do so.

[*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, &c.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius, we must out and talk.

Octa. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Octa. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows ? Is it so, countrymen ?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying, *Long live ! hail, Cæsar !*

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown :

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too ;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,

And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur behind,

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank yourself :

This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause : If arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators ;
When think you that the sword goes up again ?—
Never, 'till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd ; or 'till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope ;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still !

Octa. Come, Antony ; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind ; swell, billow ; and
swim, bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.

[*LUCILIUS and MESSALA stand forth.*]

[*BRUTUS speaks apart to LUCILIUS.*]

Luc. My lord.

Cas. Messala.

Mes. What says my general ?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :
Be thou my witness, that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion : now I change my mind,

And

something like Horace

Poems Decimus uttered 2 in frequency

And partly credit things that do presage.
 Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign
 Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;
 Who to Philippi here conformed us ;
 This morning are they fled away, and gone :
 And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly ;
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
 To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
 The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,
 Lovers, in peace lead on our days to age !
 But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together :
 What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself ;—I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life :—arming myself with patience,
 To stay the providence of some high powers,
 That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Thorough the streets of Rome ?

Bru. No, Cassius, no ; think not, thou noble Ro-
 man,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day

Must end that work the ides of March begun :
 And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !

If we do meet again, why we shall smile ;

If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !

If we do meet again we'll smile indeed ;

If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might
 know

The end of this day's business, ere it come !

But it sufficeth, that the day will end,

And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Alarum.*

Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
 bills

Unto the legions on the other side : [Loud alarum.]

Let them set on at once : for I perceive

But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,

And sudden push gives them the overthrow ;

Ride, ride, Messala, let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Alarum.*

Enter CASSIUS, and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :

This ensign here of mine was turning back ;

I flew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early :

Who,

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough,—Look, look,
Titinius ;

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yon troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again ; even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get thither on that hill ;
My fight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*

This day I breathed first : time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end :
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

Pind. [*above.*] O my lord !

Cas. What news ?

Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him ;
now,

Titinius !—Now some 'light :—O, he 'lights too :—
He's ta'en :—and, hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Re-enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, firrah :
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath ;

Now be a freeman ; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer : Here, take thou the hilts ;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

Tit. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground ?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart !

Mes. Is not that he ?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,

But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun !

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;

The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done !

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child !

Why

Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not ? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus ! Where art thou, Pindarus ?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius ; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears ; I may say, thrusting it ;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit MES.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ?
Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not hear their
shouts ?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods : This is a Roman's part ;
Come Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Dies.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, MESSALA, young CATO,
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ?

Mes. Lo, yonder ; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.

Cato. Brave Titinius !—
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius !

Bru.

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
 Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
 It is impossible, that ever Rome
 Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more
 tears
 To this good man, than you shall see me pay.—
 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
 Come, therefore, and to Thasios send his body;
 His funeral shall not be in our camp,
 Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
 And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
 Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
 'Tis three o'clock; and Romans, yet ere night
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the Field. Alarum,*

Enter BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet, hold up your
 heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with
 me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
 Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

Exit.

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
 Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius;
 And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son.

‡ *Sold.* Yield, or thou die'st.

Luc.

Luc. Only I yield to die :

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight ;
[Offering money.]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner !

2 *Sold.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general :

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Luc. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough :
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :
The gods defend him from so great a shame !
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead :
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this
rock.

Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch-light ; but, my lord,
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : Slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*
Cli.]

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius!

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why this, Volumnius:

The Ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;

And, this last night, here in Philippi's fields.

I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit;

It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;

Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,

Hold thou my sword's hilt, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So,

So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue
 Hath almost ended his life's history :
 Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within. Fly, fly, fly.*

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly. [*Ex. CL.* *DAR.* and *VOL.*

Bru. Hence ; I will follow.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
 Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it :
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Stra. Give me your hand first : Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still ;
 I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the Army.

Ota. What man is that ?

Mes. My master's man. — Strato, where is thy master ?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala ;
 The conquerors can but make a fire of him :
 For Brutus only overcame himself,
 And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Ota. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Ota. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato ?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
 That did the latest service to my master.

Ant.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Octa. According to his virtue, let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*

T H E E N D.



